75¢
OCT. 15

VOGUE

LOOK GREAT RIGHT NOW...

65 NEW DAY LOOKS... THE RACIEST SPORTS CLOTHES

LEGS WILL BE SEEN: NEW EXERCISES

HOW TO AVOID THE SURGERY EVERY WOMAN FEARS MOST

YOUR SKIN: THE FRESH AND HEALTHY FACE

IDEAS FOR YOUR HOUSE... PRACTICAL... WONDERFUL... AMUSING

infini

CARON

New Infini. A beginning without end.

Parfums CARON Paris



SANTE FORLANO

EMERIC PARTOS' black dyed Russian broadtail lamb bordered with black dyed Russian sable. Made to order in our own workrooms. Fur Salon, Second Floor.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVE., 57 TO 58TH STREETS



VAN CLEEF & ARPELS®

World-Famous Jewelers

744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK · 300 NORTH RODEO DRIVE, BEVERLY HILLS · 249 WORTH AVENUE, PALM BEACH · PARIS · MONTE CARLO · GENEVA

Jewelry designs copyrighted. Actual size.

OCTOBER 15, 1970

AMERICAN
BRITISH
FRENCH
ITALIAN
AUSTRALIAN

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

I. S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, Chairman
PERRY L. RUSTON, President
ALEXANDER LIBERMAN, Editorial Director



BERT STERN

COVER: Everything's great right now—Geoffrey Beene's delicious pink evening dress with a bolero of feather sleeves; ravishing makeup (here: Dusky Rose Sheer Blush, Pinked Pearl shadow, Honey Beige lipstick) and an enticing new perfume just added to it, both called Amaranthe and devised by Dina Merrill. More on the perfume in Ready Beauty, page 26. . . . Dress to order: Elizabeth Arden, New York; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Necklace, Port of Call at Henri Bendel. Kenneth coif.

AMERICAN VOGUE
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

DIANA VREELAND
Editor-in-Chief

Associate Editor: ALLENE TALMEY
Art Director: PRISCILLA PECK
Managing Editor: ROSEMARY BLACKMON
Feature Editor: KATE LLOYD
Copy Editor: EDITH LOEW GROSS
Special Features Editor: MARGARET CASE
Associate Editor, Fashion: GRACE MIRABELLA
Fashion Editors:
BABS SIMPSON CATHERINE DI MONTEZEMOLO
NICOLAS DE GUNZBURG CARRIE DONOVAN
POLLY ALLEN MELLEN KEZIA KEEBLE HOVEY
LINDA FRANKEL
KATHRYNE HAYS Shoes and Stockings
MARGARET INGERSOLL Fabrics
JOYCE MACRAE Fabrics Associate
DOROTHEA McKENNA ELKON Foundations, Lingerie, Ski
KARIN-MARIA WINKELHORN Accessories
EMMY LOU KELLY Boutique Associate
Beauty Editor: JESSICA CANNÉ
Special Projects Editor: GLORIA SCHIFF
Los Angeles Editor: ELEANORE PHILLIPS
Paris Editor: SUSAN TRAIN
Rome Editor: CONSUELO CRESPI
Madrid Editor: ALINE ROMANONES
London Editor: ROBIN HAMBRO
Fashions in Living Editor: ALISON HARWOOD
Fashions in Travel Editor: DESPINA MESSINESI
Feature Associates: MARY ROBLEE HENRY
DALE McCONATHY LORRAINE DAVIS
Feature Researcher: PATRICIA GRANT GARNER
Staff Writers: LYDIA McCLEAN MARY KLEVE
JANE OGLE KAREN WEED
SUSAN GREENSTEIN TEGWEN HOOPER
Special Assignments:
BERNADETTE CAREY SIMONA MORINI
Associate Beauty Editor: JEAN PIERSON
Assistant: MAUREEN MARWICK
Men's Page Editor: CAMILLE DUHÉ
Contributing Editors: CECIL BEATON
MARY KRUMING DOROTHEA WALKER
SHEILA DE ROCHAMBEAU
Copy Executives: JEANNE BALLOT WINHAM
VALORIE GRIFFITH
Art Department:
EDMUND WINFIELD GERALD SLATER
CAROL KNOBLOCH MARION SACKETT
ISABEL BODOR CONSTANCE VON COLLANDE
Model Assignments: SARAH SLAVIN
Administrative Assistants: GLADYS POHL
GLORIA GERSH Art FRANCES DECKER Features
Editorial Business Manager:
WILLIAM P. RAYNER

Publisher: RICHARD A. SHORTWAY
Executive Editor: RUTH McCARTHY
Promotion Director: J. HERBERT SILVERMAN
Marketing Director: BARBARA McKIBBIN
Merchandising Director: KATHERINE DOWNES
BEVERLY PURCELL PATRICIA HOWIE
JACQUELINE LEVE
Fashion Promotion Editor: JAYNE INGRAM
Special Projects Director: CAROL HARVEY
Promotion Creative Director: ROBERT WALKER
Fashion Credits: ROSAMOND BELT
Fabric Marketing Editor: MAUREEN LIPPE
Advertising Manager: NEIL JACOBS
Business Manager: JOHN RODNEY
Retail Director: RICHARD McMAHON
Associate Advertising Managers:
WILLIAM D. LEAHON
CHARLES H. REINHARDT
ROBERT L. GROBERG

BRANCH OFFICES
Statler Building, Boston, Mass. 02116
Robert Brennecke, Mgr.
875 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60611
Donald H. Koehler, Mgr.
3921 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90005
Thomas J. Stewart, Mgr.
4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, Paris 7
Cyril N. Kuhn, European Manager

BRITISH VOGUE
Vogue House, Hanover Square, London, W. 1
FRENCH VOGUE
4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, Paris 7
AUSTRALIAN VOGUE
49 Clarence Street, Sydney
ITALIAN VOGUE
Piazza Castello 27, Milan

International Executive Editor:
MILDRED MORTON GILBERT

S. I. NEWHOUSE, JR. Publishing Director

THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.
I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH Chairman
PERRY L. RUSTON President
BENJAMIN BOGIN Vice President
ROBERT J. LAPHAM Vice Pres.-Adv. Dr.
HAROLD G. MEYER Vice President
DANIEL SALEM Vice President (Overseas)
J. PAUL YOUNG Vice President-Circ. Dir.
FRED C. THORMANN Treasurer
MARY E. CAMPBELL Secretary

FASHION

45 Vogue's Eye View: The Landfarers in Iceland
46 Racy new looks ready to go anywhere: the short-jacket suit . . . Viking coat in white mink . . . Northbound furs . . . the great plaid wool poncho . . . buckskin jeans . . . slash-dash skirts . . . long looks, long legs . . . walking coats, knit coats
84 Cardin—the knit leotard: put-together for some of the best looks going
86 Saint Laurent—tunics belted over britches . . . peasant shirts wrapped by suède
88 Looks that get it all together: furs and prints and suits that swing . . . the great colour crash of print and pattern for coats and dresses . . . fur-trimmed fox, mink-and-sable cape . . . the good grey suit with the small waist-length jacket, slit midi
102 Walkaway winners from London: new looks to wear right here
118 Vogue's Own Boutique of Suggestions, Finds, and Observations

FEATURES/ARTICLES/PEOPLE

41 Horoscope. By Maria Elise Crummere
66 People Are Talking About . . . Jeremy Clyde, Paul Jones
68 Maria Callas; Rita Hauser; Al Freeman, Jr.; June Wayne; Luciano Berio
70 Josef Albers: "Prophet and Presiding Genius of American Op Art." By Sam Hunter
82 The Surgery All Women Fear. By Oliver Cope, M.D.

FASHIONS IN LIVING

110 Vogue's Choice: Ideas for your house—practical, wonderful, amusing
116 Double Take: It's Sculpture, It's Lighting, It's Two-Way News

BEAUTY

24 Beauty Checkout: Carrie Snodgress; Iceland—nice land for spa-ing?
26 Vogue's Ready Beauty
74 Beauty Bulletin: Moisture and your skin—the fresh and healthy face
76 Beauty Bulletin: Perfume and skin-care news
78 New leg exercises—plus tips from the Diary of a Mad Exerciser
100 Beauty Bulletin: The Beautiful People in Sunglasses

DEPARTMENTS

32 Vogue's Notebook: The Rhino Ball in Houston, Texas
34 Vogue's Spotlight: Books. By Jean Stafford
36 Vogue's Spotlight: Sports. By Pete Axthelm
36 Vogue's Spotlight: Travel. By John Cowan
38 Vogue's Spotlight: Paris Restaurants. By Quentin Crewe
43 Men in Vogue

Copyright © 1970 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.
VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC., 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID, AT NEW YORK, N.Y., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS, $10 FOR ONE YEAR, $17 FOR TWO YEARS, $22 FOR THREE YEARS. IN CANADA, $11 FOR ONE YEAR, $19 FOR TWO YEARS, $25 FOR THREE YEARS. ELSEWHERE, $15 FOR ONE YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES IN U. S. AND CANADA, 75¢. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, AND ADJUSTMENTS, WRITE TO VOGUE, BOX 5201, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302. SIX WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. PLEASE GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST LABEL.

Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to Vogue, Box 5201, Boulder, Colorado 80302 Vol. 156, No. 7, Whole No. 3047

Andrea lashes out at what you can do without

HAIR TODAY
BLEACHED AWAY
the safe, gentle way



with new
Andrea
SUPER-LIGHTENER
CREME BLEACH

FOR FACE . . . ARMS . . . LEGS

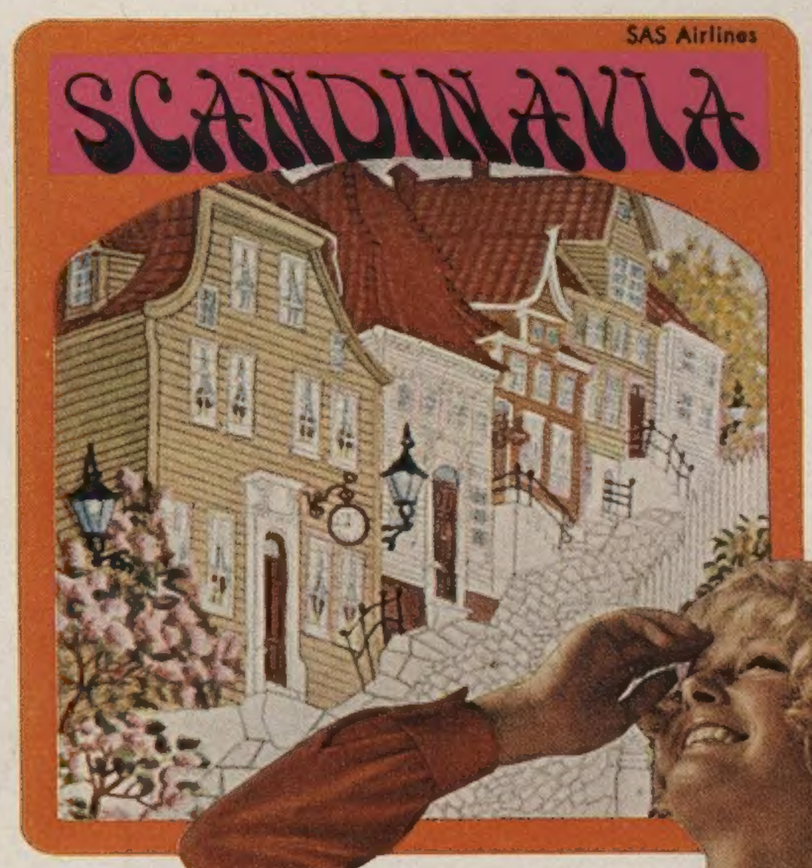
Hair problems fade . . . when you lighten those unwanted hairs with this latest product of Andrea's advanced beauty thinking. Quick, like light'ning, superfluous hairs blend into natural skin tones. Simple . . . effective . . . medically tested and approved for even the most sensitive skin.

Save 50¢ while introductory offer lasts! Reg. $3.00 . . . NOW $2.50

The land of 160,000 lakes . . . Hans Christian Andersen . . .
famous medieval wooden architecture and the Midnight Sun for 3 months
(when only your watch knows for sure).

You might decide to stay up as long as the Sun. Don't resist.
Sacony will supply all the fashion stamina to keep pace.

This is Ounces®, the new lightweight champion around the world.
Never a let-up in fresh appeal, even if you've just unpacked.



Your smorgasbord runneth over?
Give it the suds and rinse
treatment and let it
hanger-dry to new.

It's knit totally of
Encron® polyester into a relaxed,
new shape of shirt with
skinny stripes around the middle.

Red, Turquoise, Navy
or Brown. 8 to 18. $33
That's Ounces.
Only by Sacony for
Pack Age People®.

For the store nearest you,
call this special number free:
800-243-6000, anytime, any day.
In Conn. call 800-942-0655.

Sacony®, 1407 Broadway,
New York, New York 10018

See Sacony® first.

Encron is a trademark of American Enka Corp.

boutique

valentino

801 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10021


VERY Saks Fifth Avenue
Skirting the issue with pockets and flair. Our snugged-up warmer of black wool gabalaine by Anglo Fabrics. $425.



Once upon a time, all a woman was supposed to do was smile and look pretty.

And all a watch was supposed to do was pretty much the same.

Then you started changing. But watch companies didn't even notice.

They went right on making those pretty, delicate little watches that were about as functional as a Grecian urn.

They overwound. The springs broke. You had them repaired. More than once. And then you put them away in a drawer forever—and waited for your next birthday when you got another fragile little watch and started the fun all over again.

Omega has finally realized that a woman wants a watch to look feminine, but not at the expense of its works.

The result is The Omega Ladymatic. The first serious, self-winding, date-telling watch for women.

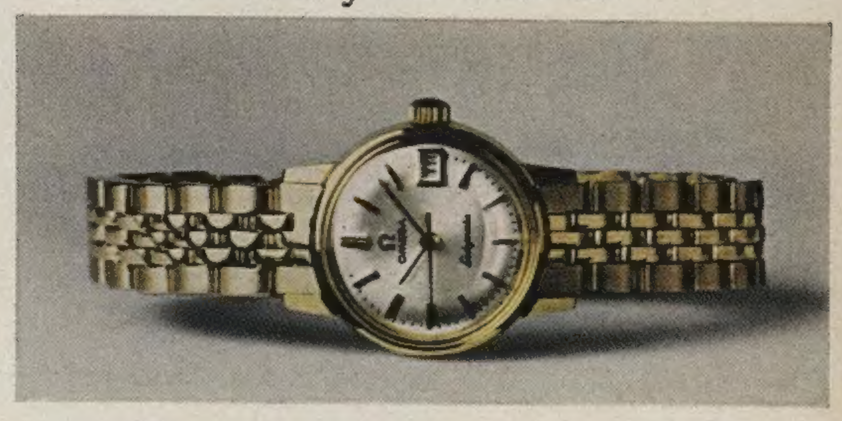
You won't have to break a spring (or a nail) trying to wind the little thing every day. One, because it's not such a little thing. And two, because if you wear it every day, gravity, and an exceptional "rotor" movement will wind it for you.

The Ladymatic tells the time in minutes and seconds. And if you like, it tells you what day it is. (In case you're one of the few women who doesn't know.)

You can wear it in the shower. Or bang it against your typewriter. (The Ladymatic is anti-magnetic, watertight and not easily thrown.)

It's a beautiful watch. And Omega probably could have sold it to you just by appealing to your femininity.

But isn't it nice that they'd rather bet on your brains?



The Omega Ladymatic.
The self-winding watch.

THE OMEGA LADYMATIC $160.
FOR FREE STYLE BROCHURE OF OTHER WATCHES,
WRITE OMEGA, 301 E. 57TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022.

You're keeping your body in shape, but what are you doing about your face?

You ride, you swim, you play tennis; you do all the right things for a beautifully-toned body. You're an outdoors woman and your skin needs an unusually vital and nourishing creme. Creme 2000® by Bonne Bell.

Your body may enjoy all that sun, air and water, but what your complexion soaks up, *today,* is no fun at all. Looking older, too early, too fast, is no laugh.

To help keep your skin younger and finer looking, even in the harsh light of day, and in our abusive atmosphere, Bonne Bell brings you a *totally original* face creme. Creme 2000.

Spun into a softly-fragrant, non-oily fluff (that disappears into your skin long before you float into sleep) are *natural* emollients and humidifiers. These rejuvenators gradually help to replenish the moisture you lose day-by-day outdoors. They nourish and build up your own skin oils. Therefore, each morning, after about 15 days, you should *literally* see a smoother and tighter skin texture. (Feel it, too.) See a softening of lines around your eyes, mouth and throat. *Your total outlook:* a younger, fresher, newly-glowing face.

And to protect you right there, out there, every moment, Lotion 2000. Super under make-ups, superb all by itself, and like Creme 2000, terrific for sensitive skin.



Bonne Bell®








VALENTINO
boutique
valentino
Fabric by Gandini
VALENTINO
San Francisco, Los Angeles

*Du Pont registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or fashions.

QIANA® nylon IS THE

Qiana.*

A whole new world for you to sew.
Like no fabric before.
The softness, the shimmer, the caress of the most sumptuous silk.
But with the freedom of today's sit on the floor
and be comfortable living.
That's "Qiana".
In slithery satins. Voluptuous velvets. Sensuous surahs. Magnificent matelassés.
And all of them behave even more beautifully than they look.
Wrinkles, water spots, shrinking and spills are problems of the past.
It's "Qiana".
The new world created by Du Pont.
For you to sew.
The affordable luxury of "Qiana" nylon
is now at fine fashion fabric departments and stores.

CREATION

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Better things for better living...through chemistry

Water is okay to drink. But for heaven's sake, don't bathe in it.



It soaks away the oils that make your skin soft. It makes soap curdy, and curdy soap won't clean.

Nor is water famous for its fragrance.

Ah, but you can turn water into a magnificent liquid. You can turn it into Arpege.

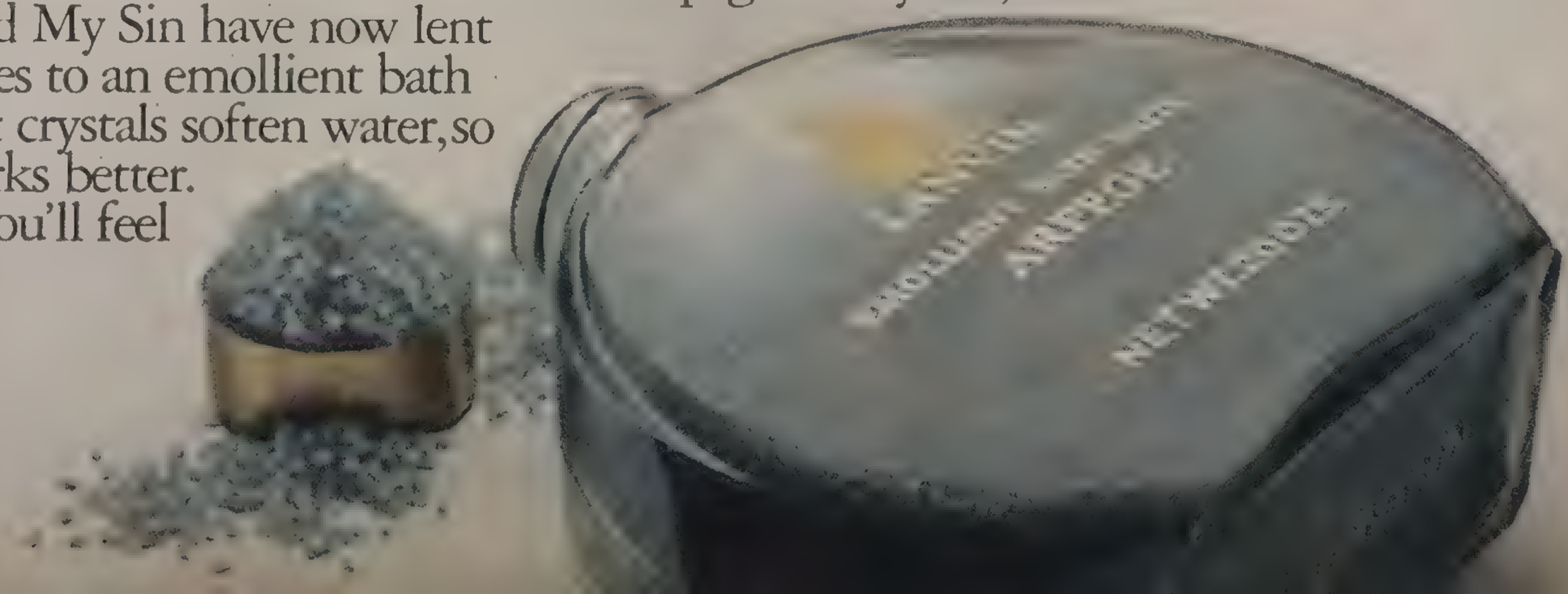
Arpege and My Sin have now lent their fragrances to an emollient bath salt. These salt crystals soften water, so your soap works better.

Then, so you'll feel silky afterwards, they release fragrant oils.

Arpege fills the tub, fills the bathroom, spills out the door.

You will never bathe in water again.

About twenty baths, $5. Also Foaming Milk Bath and After Bath Lotion, in Arpege or My Sin, $5 each.



©1970 LANVIN PARFUMS

Du Pont invents Antron® III. And now slips are truly anti-cling. Permanently.

Now you can wear slips that are anti-cling and stay anti-cling through washing after washing.

Because these new slips are made of "Antron" III, a never-before nylon from Du Pont.

Unlike a finish merely applied to the surface of the fabric, the anti-cling ingredient of Antron® III nylon is actually built right into the fiber. Even detergents and enzymes can't wash it out. So "Antron" III is truly anti-cling and stays that way. Resists creeping, bunching, twisting and riding up. Permanently.

Yet "Antron" III is a luxury thing. Rich, sensuous, nice-feeling. Look for it in exquisite slips. Sleepthings. Loungethings.

"Antron" III. The pro-luxury nylon that's anti-cling forever.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Better things for better living ... through chemistry

®Du Pont registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or fashions



We feel there is no reason why an elegant watch cannot be practical.

For example, our Eterna-Matic fashion watches are not only self-winding, they are self-protecting.

Their precision Swiss movements operate on wear-saving ball bearings. And many Eterna-Matics are protected from damage by water and condensation.

There is an exquisite selection of Eterna-Matic fashion models priced from $250. See them at your Eterna jeweler.

Eterna Watch Company, Inc., New York, N.Y. 10010.
Sold and serviced in 140 countries.

ETERNA·MATIC
SINCE 1856



tweed,
ribs and leather...
fabric by
Carlo Bises & Figli

boutique
valentino
exclusively at
NAN DUSKIN Philadelphia

Goodbye Body. Hello Lips.

Love announces The Lush Lip Colors of 1971.

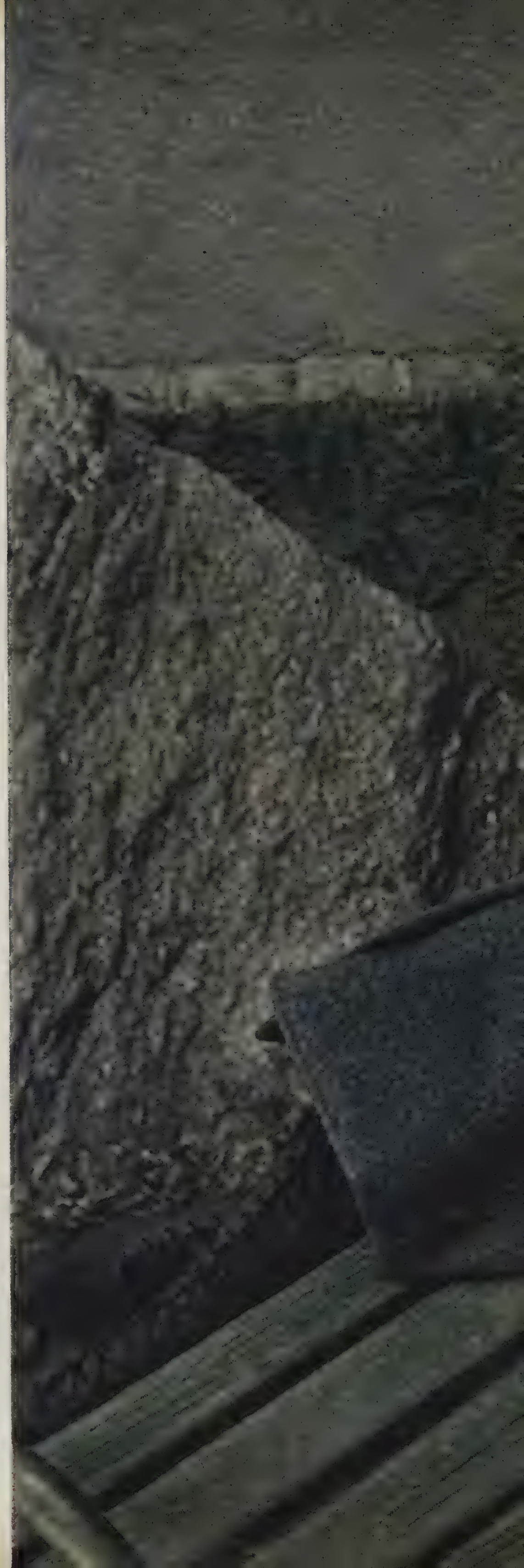
Love gives you
the lush lip colors you're
going to need.
Richer, more sumptuous colors.
Because your lips are
more important than ever.

Plush pink. Marvelous Melon.
Passionate Pink-Peach.
Lush Iced Pink. Lush Iced Peach.
Rich Russet. Lusty Red.
Full-Bodied Wine.

The Lush Lip Colors of 1971.
They'll stay lush and rich and
moist. Because they're
Lovesticks.™

Lovesticks
Love cosmetics by Menley & James.
At selected drug stores.







Ewayne gossard fashions
NICEST NEXT TO YOU

GOSSARD-ARTEMIS

TRAVELER



Wearable, packable, desirable sleep-or-loungers. Each embroidered with its royal Fleur-de-lis. Each a relaxed fall of duPont nylon tricot generously iced with seductive gleam. A mighty pretty way to say good night or good morning in deb blue, parfait pink, baby violet, coco or mandarin red. Coat 7188, about $12. Pajama 6188, about $9. Matching shift 5188, about $8.
The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago 60606

GOSSARD-ARTEMIS
KEEPS AMERICA BEAUTIFUL

THE STORY BEHIND THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL COAT IN AMERICA.

You probably think it's one of the scarce spotted furs. Or a certain tiger maxi. Or maybe the new python look.

Wrong.

The most controversial coat in America today is the Alaska fur seal. And it's probably the one coat on the market everyone has heard about, but few know much about.

First of all, the story behind the Alaska fur seal is one of the great conservation stories of our history. Which is where the controversy begins.

Only sixty years ago, as a result of open sea sealing and the indiscriminate slaughter of fur seals since the discovery of the Pribilof Islands in 1786, the Alaska fur seal was close to extinction.

It was the United States government that played a leading role in saving the fur seal.

In 1911, a treaty was signed by Japan, Russia, Great Britain and the United States. And the United States was given the responsibility for the preservation and protection of the Alaska fur seal.

Today the success of the program, and the treaty, is widely recognized.

Not only has the fur seal population increased more than seven-fold, from less than 150,000 to 1½ million, but it's at the maximum number the breeding grounds can sustain.

Biologists believe a healthier colony is a controlled colony. For to exceed the maximum number will result in increased disease, starvation and fatal injuries. Especially to the young seals.

In fact, the Alaska fur seal program resembles a fox or mink ranch, insofar as the crop is regulated by season, age and sex of animals killed and numbers killed.

The native Aleuts, under the strict supervision of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, take a limited number of surplus seals every year. Approximately 3% of the total herd, and primarily 3 and 4-year-old bachelor males — pups or babies are never taken.

If in any given year there is no surplus, no seals are taken, as required by the treaty.

All of which explains why there is a very limited number of Alaska fur seal coats in the world. And there always will be.

If you're one of the people who protest the Alaska fur seal program, and Alaska fur seal coats, maybe you should consider the alternatives.

You see, if the program should ever be destroyed, it would also mean the end of the treaty.

And then any country in the world could take as many seals as they wanted whenever they wanted.

And that is where our story ends.



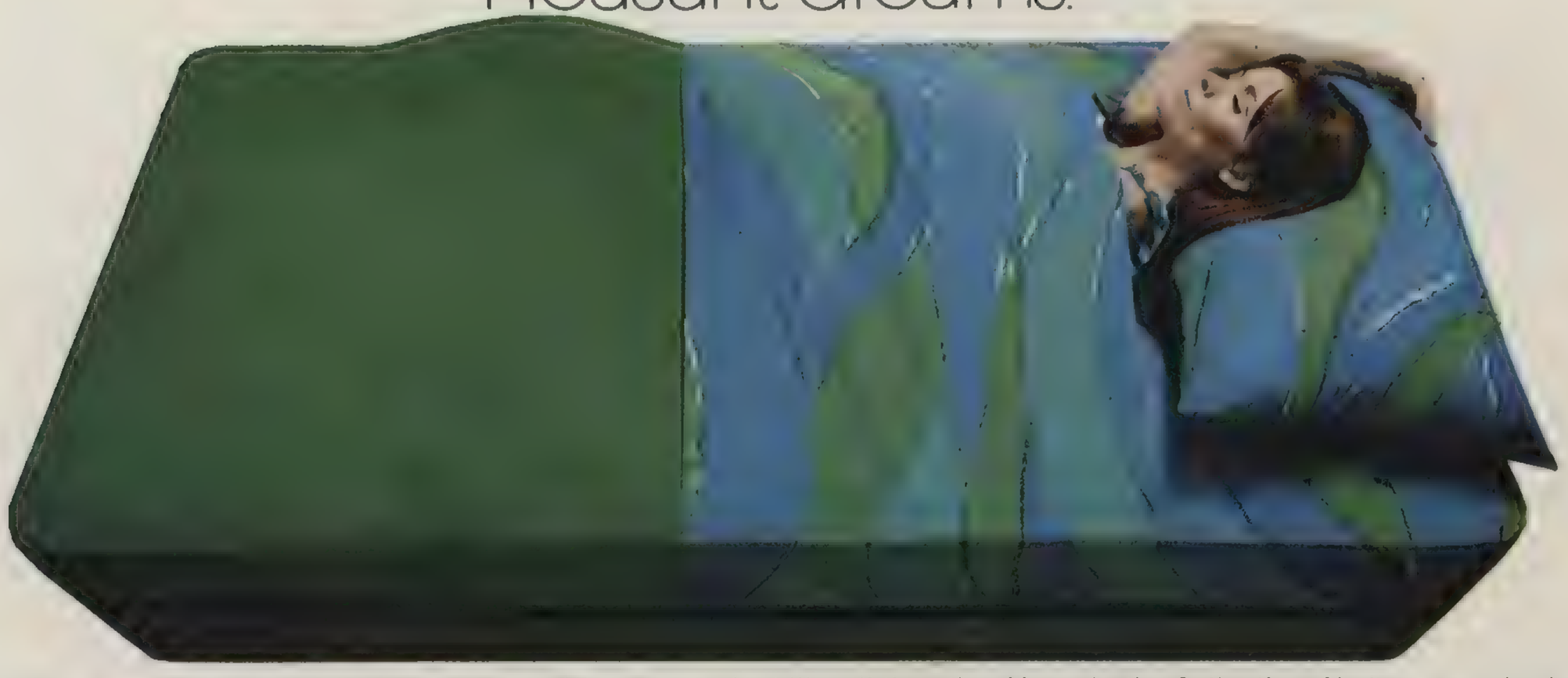
Sandrift Lakoda® sheared Alaska fur seal.

THE FOUKE COMPANY
Rte. 1, Box 168, Greenville, S.C. 29611.



This is an original Vera design for Burlington.
You can frame it.
You can hang it.
You can sleep on it.

Pleasant dreams.



Just a little bit more like a painting than a sheet. Waterways. Just like all the other Veras in the Collection. No-Iron percale sheets and pillow cases. 50% combed cotton 50% KODEL® polyester. Blue/Green (shown). Also Yellow/Orange. At the finest department stores. By Burlington Domestics. 1345 Ave. of the Americas, New York 10019. A Division of Burlington Industries.

Vera® COLLECTION BY BURLINGTON

KODEL® AN EASTMAN FIBER.

LICENSED BY SCARVES BY VERA, INC., N.Y.



boutique
valentino

Palm Beach and Bal Harbour

Fabric by Carlo Bises & Figli

Martha



JAEGER®

THE JAEGER COMPANY • 1407 BROADWAY • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018



BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Delicious Sister Carrie

What makes the star of *Diary of a Mad Housewife* so madly attractive? Carrie Snodgress has a superb face with a marvellous capacity for changing to order. Silky hair, the colour of royal jelly. Sexy, grainy-textured voice. Raucous laugh rises from superslim midriff, bursts across her face, spills out of sea-green eyes. "I always want to be a wonderfully happy, growing-up kid." . . . She emanates energy, has been in constant motion since, when she was two in a small Midwestern town, her mother started calling her Sarah Bernhardt. The only sister of three brothers, Carrie says she used to be a tomboy —and fat. "A doctor-uncle believes everyone should fast a few days every month. To make the film *Rabbit Run* I lost 23 pounds in a month by fasting for three days a week, eating only one meal a day on the other days. Of course, I wouldn't recommend it without lots of resting time and a doctor in charge." . . . She's fond of gelatin, Alka-Seltzer, and browsing through drug stores "buying the newest toothpaste, bath oil, hair spray, after-bath skin freshener, all that stuff." Her biggest freshener is the great outdoors. Camping out, roughing it in mountain-clean air—"That's my beauty trip." . . . The greatest beauty aid, in her book, is honesty. "I'm much more honest with myself and everyone else and because of it, I think my naïveté is coming back. . . . There's not enough naturalness in the world. I always used to tell myself: 'Carrie, you're a mess. Look at the freckles and skin bumps—you better spend 90 million dollars to hide it.' But it's me. In a way it's one of my forms of expression. Ultimately I guess you have to get yourself together inside. What you do to your outsides is just window dressing." . . . She added that people who see her in *Mad Housewife* expect her in person to be a shy, quiet type. "I'm really something quite different." She is. That's for sure.

Iceland: nice land for spa-ing?

Paragon Traveller just returned from Europe, all steamed up about the virtues of the hot springs and other "spa" effects she unearthed in Iceland during a four-day stopover. "Hired car. Headed over lava-gravel roads for the Great Geysir, Granddaddy, namewise, of all the geysirs in the world. Dipped in hot-spring swimming pool nearby. Although day was bitter, pool was cozy place to float around in viewing the awesome countryside. . . . Left feeling Viking-ish. Drove on to Laugarvatn, where there are natural-spring steam and mud baths on shore of lake. Took the hot steam in rather primitive lakeside cottage, then plunged in chilly water. Brrrr. Left feeling like heroine of saga. . . . It's thrilling to roam the Icelandic outlands, but actually you can enjoy the same sort of warm sulphurous therapy all year round in Reykjavík, the capital city. Thermal springs feed heated outdoor pools there and locals and visitors use them even in winter. . . . And Hotel Loftleidir, outside Reykjavík on the way to the airport, is ideal place to gather one's bedraggled self together to face the Kennedy customs lines after a European tour. It's a comfortable modern hotel, where Icelandic Airlines puts you up if you take advantage of their various stopover offerings. The floor below the lobby is really a complete spa. Attractive hot-springs swimming pool; men's and women's saunas; sauna-recovery lounge rooms with sunlamps to repair a fading tan; masseuse, masseur, and private compartments; and a beauty salon where you can have the works—hair, facial, pedicure, etc. Some local women make the whole deal a weekly appointment. . . . Girls of Iceland, incidentally, are great looking. Preponderance of blue-eyed blondes, dappling of freckled redheads. Noted that frosted pink lipsticks and frosted blue eye shadow enhanced their healthy northern glow." . . . And so, we imagine, does all that brisk winter swimming. . . .



Create a Sensation with these carefree crepe separates. Then keep creating new sensations. All our latest separates mix, match, merge, divide and conquer. The gala couple shown here is of Vanilure,™ our drip-dry shape-crepe. The shirt, its front a sea of lacy frills, comes with its own velvet sash and long pants. The duo about $45. The quilted wrap skirt, also velvet-sashed, about $35. Everything 8 to 16. From a wealth of color-coordinated separates so mobile they prove that loungewear isn't just for lounging any more. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

VANITY FAIR

A COMPANY OF VF CORPORATION

NEAL BARR

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY



For a beauty's beauty:
. . . a new scent that powers it all

We all know that beauty. She's Dina Merrill—impeccably elegant, with marvellous looks and a pretty brain. Last April we told of a new system of beauty treatment and makeup called Amaranthe, created by Dina and designed especially for women who like to be outdoors, dislike having to fuss too much over maintaining their good looks. (Such a woman is Dina herself. Along with husband Cliff Robertson she skis, swims, tennises, golfs, snorkels.) . . . Her news now is an exciting fragrance, also called Amaranthe—which name, by no coincidence, also means a mythical flower, the amaranth, noteworthy because it never fades. The Amaranthe scent is a delicious experience of new vibrations for women outdoorsy or not—light-hearted, subtly spunky, and thoroughly pow. As Dina said, "I didn't want just another perfume—I wanted something so special that women would really cherish it, and so would men." Her exacting standards triumphed. The result is ready now in various forms: perfume, in crystal decanters; cologne in spray or non-spray bottles; a new dusting powder; bath oil (all these, shown in the family group above) . . . . At Altman's.

. . . a new masque in charming disguise

Something about the way it hardens . . . the crackle it forms, so delightful on Chinese Export, so unnerving on one's own little pan . . . something there is about a masque that leaves a fair number of women tired before the refreshment is served. Now, for the faint of heart and fragile of complexion, Polly Bergen has devised an icy-blue aerosol masque gentle enough to do its good deeds every day of your life, exacting in return only a few moments of time. It looks soft, fluffy and helpless, feels hot, cold and marvellous, leaves the *visage* visibly finer, firmer, glowier. Polly Bergen's Instant Revitalizing Foaming Facial is the name. Once again the Turtle Lady finishes first.

Alexandre

creates
midi magic
in Swakara
touched
with cobra.



Available at
these leading stores:

I. Magnin
West Coast

Jacobson's
Michigan

Suzette International
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Carl W. Herrmann, Inc.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

SWAKARA.
IT'S MORE THAN A FUR.
IT'S FASHION.

Carefully bred to be light and supple.
With a watered silk look.
That's black-dyed Swakara
broadtail lamb from South West Africa.
Created by fine furriers into
today's fashion look.



swakara®

SWAKARA FUR INFORMATION BUREAU
575 MADISON AVE., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 212 PL 5-2130



HOUSE&GARDEN'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO INTERIOR DECORATION

TELLS YOU HOW TO

■ Decorate in today's idiom ■ Use color effectively ■ Select the right carpet and rugs ■ Get the most from limited space ■ Arrange furniture ■ Plan good lighting ■ Choose lamps and fixtures ■ Achieve the kitchen you really want ■ Turn a bedroom into a personal haven ■ Have a bathroom that is a delight ■ Use practical ideas for children's rooms ■ Master the art of one-room living ■ Find the storage space you need ■ And more!

ALL NEW! COMPLETELY REVISED!

SPECIAL PRE-CHRISTMAS PRICE JUST $14.95

(After Christmas, price will be $17.50)
ORDER NOW... and save!

Simply enclose your check or money order, and your copy will be shipped promptly—**fully postpaid.** If you are not completely satisfied with HOUSE & GARDEN'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO INTERIOR DECORATION, return it within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

If you prefer, you may charge your American Express or BankAmericard account.

V105

Condé Nast Books • P.O. Box 3308 • Grand Central Station • New York, New York 10017

I would like to order _____ copies of HOUSE & GARDEN'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO INTERIOR DECORATION $14.95 (After Dec. 26, $17.50)

☐ My check or money order for $_____, payable to Condé Nast Books, is enclosed.

Please charge my account:
☐ American Express.
☐ BankAmericard Exp. date_____

Acct. #_____

Sig._____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

This is a gift order. Send book and card to:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Card to read: "From_____"



CONE MILLS, 1440 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018.

You can begin with this one of a kind designer coat by DON SIMONELLI. Created in Cone three wale corduroy, Simonelli's wrap midi coat is enhanced by Cone Corduroy's rich, plush, lushness. Simonelli chose Cone Corduroy not only for what he could do with it but for what it could do for his design. Cone Corduroy... designer's choice.

Cone®

Now start collecting Cone Corduroy.


You can lead a quiet life
or you can wear Lady Manhattan
You don't need Lady Luck
when you have Lady Manhattan®. This shirt,
100% polyester. Machine washable.
White or honey. Sizes 8 to 18. About $16.00.
The Lady Manhattan Company,
1407 Broadway, New York 10018.
Lady Manhattan®
A Division of Manhattan Industries, Inc.
Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Rich's, Atlanta; Dayton's,
Minneapolis; Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago; Jacobson's, Michigan;
Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Liberty House, Honolulu; Bullock's,
Los Angeles, and other fine stores. Also available in Canada

ENGAGEMENT . GIRDLE-STOCKING
COMBO DOES IT THE SOFT WAY...
without garters, girdle and stockings stay together
for a soft, smooth line. BERKSHIRE



Coat by Peabody House
Photo—Medinica

A COMPANY OF VF CORPORATION



Something and such from our fascinating, prize winning catalog!

The Treatment Shampoo

for lack-luster hair!



Kisby's renowned salon formula. Compounded of egg, castor oil and rum. 4½ oz. plastic bottle (10 doses) $3.



Aura Patchouli

The underground cologne!

Caswell-Massey's newest fragrance is already orbiting off our shelves. A militant, earthy, grassy scent which has won the approval of the "now" generation. 3 oz. $4; 8 oz. $8.75; 16 oz.(crystal-stoppered decanter) $16.

Valda Pastilles

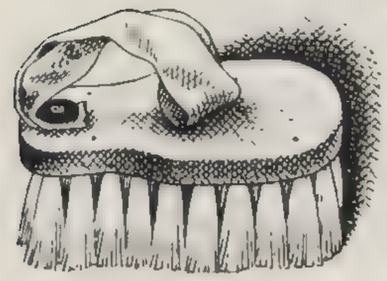
natural relief for husky throat.



Cooling menthol and soothing Eucalyptus in a vegetable base. Box of 24 pastilles: 60¢

Our Own Luxurious

Turkish bath brush!



Hand-drawn, silky fibre bristles over 2 inches long. Set in satin-smooth, unvarnished wood block 6 x 3½ inches with canvas loop strap. $9.50

CASWELL-MASSEY, AMERICA'S OLDEST CHEMISTS & PERFUMERS
P.O. BOX 800, MADISON SQUARE STATION, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010

Item#_____ Size:_____ Qty:_____

Name:_____

Address:_____

City:_____

State:_____ Zip:_____

V-1

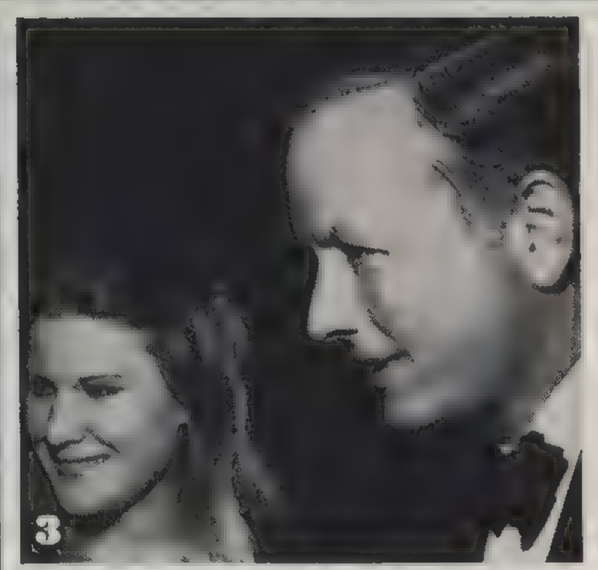
All major charge cards accepted. Kindly include charge number. Visit our historic pharmacy at 518 Lexington Ave. (48th St.) or send $1.00 for two issues of our unique catalog. Sorry, no C.O.D.

VOGUE'S NOTE BOOK

THE RHINO BALL IN HOUSTON, TEXAS


1


2


3


4


5

Swinging at the zoo, in a misty oasis of coloured lights, the music mixed rock and Bach for the ball given to raise money for two baby rhinoceroses for Houston's Herman Park Zoo. Elephants trumpeted, a donkey and llamas joined guests who danced on a floor suspended over the zoo's central pool with its mini-Taj Mahal bandstand.













1. The setting for the Rhino Ball in Houston's Herman Park Zoo. 2. Prince Jigme Yapshi-Pheunkhang of Sikkim and Mrs. Ford Hubbard, junior. 3. Miss Gayle Flannery and Dr. Denton Cooley. 4. Miss Sissy Casper and Miss Diane Smith. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Finger. 6. Mrs. Dudley C. Sharp, junior, and Mrs. M. David Lowe, co-chairmen of the Ball. 7. Mrs. Denton Cooley and Marqués de Villaverde. 8. Captain and Mrs. Alan Shepard. 9. Mrs. Oscar Wyatt, junior, and Mr. Robert Sakowitz. 10. Mr. Edward Gilbert, who decorated the Ball with a seventy-foot-high, one-night pavilion, and Miss Deborah Dixon.



Silver cache. This Fall, carry a bag as fresh and crisp as an October morning. A bag like Tano's rounded treasure chest, crafted in Spain of Antico harness leather or black calf, trimmed with silver-metal. 7"x4"x6", with short double luggage handles. About $35. At Bergdorf Goodman, New York / Garfinckel's, Wash., D.C. / Hutzler's, Baltimore / Jacobson Stores, Michigan / Jordan Marsh, Boston / Rich's, Atlanta / Stern's, New Jersey / Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia / Young Quinlan, Minneapolis or write TANO, INC., 21 East 33rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Tano handbags are flown here by Iberia Airlines



When you want to make waves

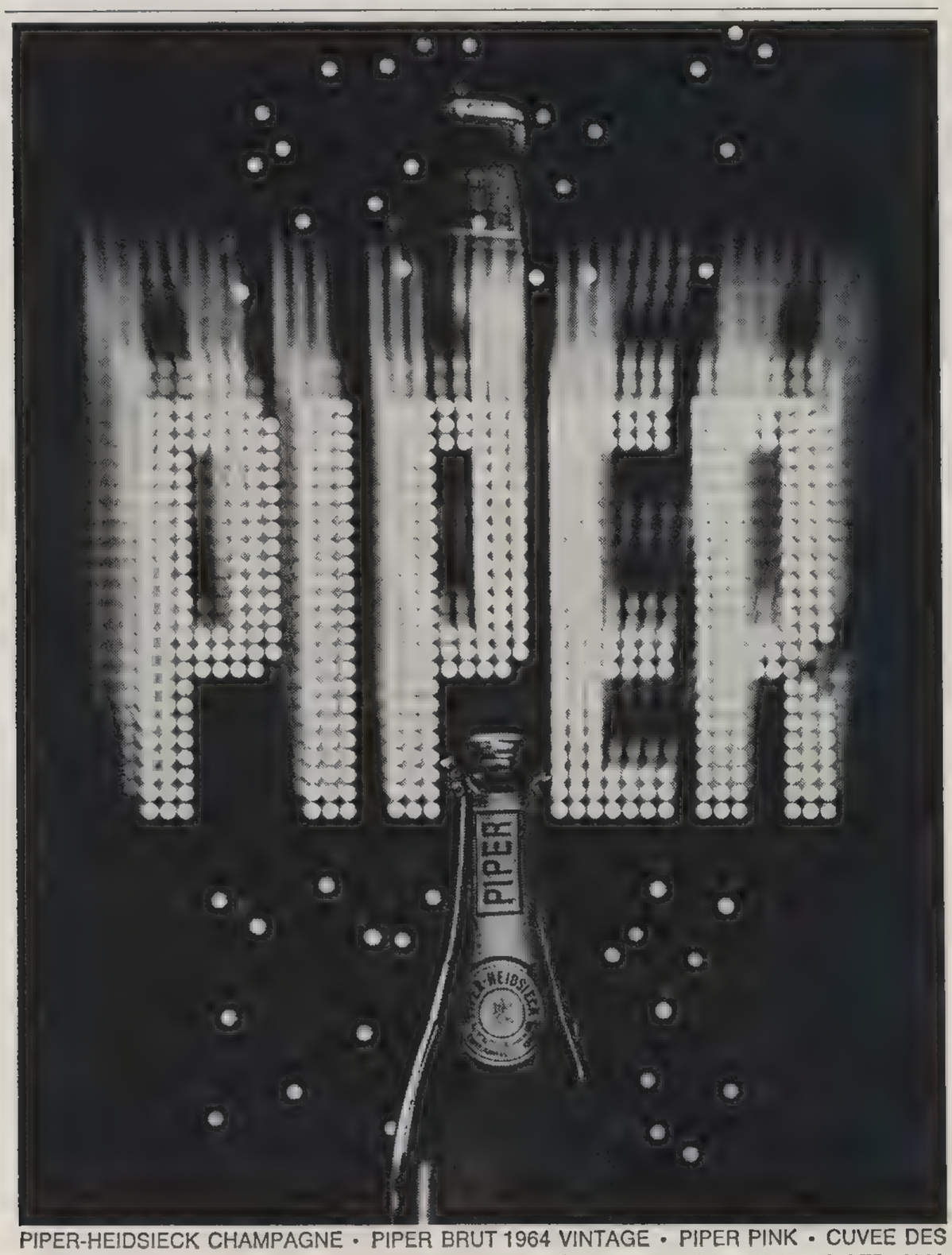
Sea Scamp

distributed by S. H. Camp and Company, Jackson, Michigan 49204

Looks like a clutch.
Acts like a handbag.



PRINCESS GARDNER®
Prince Gardner, St. Louis, Mo. A Division of SWANK, INC.



PIPER-HEIDSIECK CHAMPAGNE • PIPER BRUT 1964 VINTAGE • PIPER PINK • CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS • PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

Frederick the Great, "*marvellous*"

As she could be counted on to do, Nancy Mitford in her book *Frederick the Great* (Harper & Row) has refurbished the always fantastic and always fascinating story of Frederick the Great of Prussia with her particular idiom of sangfroid and wit and discreet erudition, relying for the most part on Frederick's own writing, including his memoirs, treatises on war and politics and the obligations of sovereigns, and his private correspondence. Despising German as verbose and boorishly tasteless, he wrote only in French; and his audience, in consequence, scarcely exists: Germans don't read much French and the French are not interested in German history. This is evidently a loss to literature; his history of the Seven Years War, which was published posthumously, was applauded in Paris as the work of a brilliant French writer and was favourably compared to Caesar's *Commentaries*.

Besides his prose, Frederick wrote a great deal of light verse which was generally ridiculed (Voltaire used the worst of it as a weapon to attack Frederick at those times when the friendship between the two men oscillated to the "off" position) but which Nancy Mitford defends, writing, "Light verse is one of the most difficult forms of expression—even Voltaire, who was a genius, did not always succeed with it—and anybody taking the trouble to read Frederick's must be rewarded by brilliant flashes here and there as well as an insight into the thoughts of a strange creature in an awful situation." The "strange creature" wore battle-dress at all times save when, once in a blue moon, he left Sans Souci to go and dine with his wife in Berlin; he rarely replaced his mufti for these occasions when, having bowed to his queen, he took his place opposite her and never once addressed her.

Frederick was one of the most brilliant strategists of all time, but his feelings about war were ambivalent. He saw the horrors of it; "Yet," Nancy Mitford wrote, "of course he must have enjoyed what he did so supremely well."

Frederick the Great's boots were scuffed and unpolished, his person was not entirely clean; his favourite greyhound, Mme. de Pompadour, slept in his bed; he hated to get up in the morning, but until the day he died he required a servant to wake him at four in the morning. Sans Souci, which his wife never saw, was terraced in greenhouses where he grew Mediterranean fruits and flowers; he was a flutist and played his own compositions; he had no use for jewellery but he owned fifteen hundred snuff-boxes; he read voraciously—insomniac when he was campaigning, he read Racine the night before engagements in the field. He was a good king, his political husbandry was as painstaking as his horticulture and he left Prussia much enlarged and much enriched.

Voltaire, who lived at Sans Souci for nearly three years, wrote to a friend that Frederick was "a respectable, singular and lovable whore." But Napoleon was to salute him with greater respect: Twenty years after his death, Napoleon at his tomb in Berlin said, "Hats off, gentlemen—if he were still alive we should not be here." Hats off to the dazzling Alte Fritz and to Nancy Mitford, his dazzling portraitist.

A pantyhose for every bird. Hanes®



Whatever your plumage, there's a Hanes pantyhose to match, in just your size.
Nine styles in so many colors that you could wear a completely different pair every day for five months.

The styles:
Waist-high Bikini
Sandalfoot
Career Sheer
Alive® support pantyhose
Sheer Heel
Agilon®
Reinforced Heel & Toe
Cantrece®II
Sheer Opaque

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Sports

BY PETE AXTHELM

The best worst man in football

The Oakland Raiders are probably the best team in pro football, and the reason for their excellence is a tough, nasty Brooklyn gut-fighter named Al Davis, who gathered and moulded them almost singlehandedly into a near-perfect unit. But the Raiders have not quite managed to win the championships they deserved in the last two years—and the reason for their failures may also be Al Davis. I pick the Raiders finally to win the world championship this season, and so do a lot of football analysts. But win or lose, one thing can be predicted with certainty about Oakland: Davis will be cheered and hated, praised and sneered at more than any executive in the sport.

Al Davis, forty-one, has the title of Managing General Partner of the Oakland franchise. The corporate meaning of the phrase is obscure, but to anyone who works under him, Davis's rôle is easily translated. He is a dictator. Davis prefers other definitions of his rôle. When people begin to write about him, he likes to scrawl one word as a guideline: "Genius."

As much as Davis's many enemies resent it, the word applies. By any measurement of football I. Q., Davis must be rated at the top. His offensive system is innovative, complex, and devastatingly effective. His trades have been brilliant; the deal that brought quarterback Daryle Lamonica—the American Football League's most valuable player last year—from Buffalo in 1967 is only one of a series of master strokes. And in spite of his abrasive personality, Davis has had uncanny success in reclaiming athletes who have been labelled as troublemakers or "problem" players. Others gave up on men like Ike Lassiter, Ben Davidson, and Willie Brown. Davis built a great defense around them; Brown, in fact, is football's finest defensive back.

Most football people, however, respect Davis even more for his fighting ability than for his football sense. When Davis took over the Raiders in 1963, they had no stadium, few fans, and a one win/thirteen loss record. Now they are a flourishing team in a fine coliseum, the only successful franchise in a town that is a depressed area for sports. They are also the most consistent winners in the game, having lost only four of forty-two regular-season games in the last three years. Yet the nagging fact remains that they have lost two AFL titles they should have won—and they might have won them if Davis chose to extend his dictatorship one step further and resume the coaching duties he relinquished in 1966.

The Raiders lost the 1968 title game to the New York Jets when now-departed coach John Rauch made an unfathomable tactical decision to pass up a crucial field-goal chance. In 1969, they lost to Kansas City when Lamonica injured his passing hand and rookie coach John Madden allowed Daryle to stay in the game and keep attempting disastrous long passes. Fans wondered if Davis, who makes so few mistakes, would have made the same errors; critics openly charge that Davis lacks the courage to return to the sidelines. (Coaches get fired; Managing General Partners don't.) In any case, the Raiders are back in action under the popular, intelligent Madden, and their supporters are hoping they can finally win the big one—while their unpopular, superbly intelligent boss remains one step away from the action.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Travel

BY JOHN COWAN

Iceland Explorations

Iceland is a do-it-yourself country. You hire a four-wheel-drive car, buy a map, a compass, and go. The extraordinary geometry of Iceland begins some fifty miles beyond the modern capital city of Reykjavík. The sense of space is colossal. Here, you know that nature is boss. In the open country of spectacular waterfalls, foaming rivers, boiling geysers, brooding glaciers, a staggering sight is the sculpture of the lava plains ranging from greens to blacks to purples. A sexy moss, unbelievably green, deep, and spongy, grows on certain kinds of lava. Exquisite small flowers bloom.

Ponies in Iceland are among the most beautiful in the world. Small and sturdy, with long manes and tails, they are friendly, easy to ride, and sure-footed. Farming is big business on the treeless plains. I did not miss the trees in this open, open country with clean, crisp air. Even when it rains, Iceland in summer is a super place. And I don't remember seeing anything that crawled —no insects, no spiders, no worms.

Bird life is remarkable, especially the puffins: fat, small, black-and-white, with red beaks and webbed feet. This odd little bird is totally silent: Disturbed, thousands of them fly soundlessly. Unfortunately, puffins are a delicacy, selling in the markets for fifteen cents each. To hunt them, men stand on high cliffs with nets on eight-foot poles and scoop them up as the wind carries the birds over the cliffs.

Rowing around the huge, glacial, moss-green lagoon under Vatnajökull, Europe's greatest glacier, I had to wear a life jacket in case a piece of the glacier broke off. Icebergs that glitter brightly blue or green are ones that have recently capsized. The rough, ten-hour climb to the top of Vatnajökull is hazardous and hardly worth the effort, the view unextraordinary. This great white mass is most impressive seen from the bottom looking up. When I went inside the crater of Hekla, the still-smoking volcano which had only finished erupting three weeks earlier, nobody stopped me. Icelandic reasoning: It's dangerous, but if you want to go, do so at your own risk.

Distances are measured in terms of hours and people stay closely linked for safety. Most cars have short-wave radios. People live in outrageously dangerous and removed situations. Country houses are built of concrete made from lava; there is almost no wood. For heat in towns, geysers have been capped, the steam jets giving steady, low-cost heat.

In summer, if you are planning to walk, hike, or go boating, take waterproof boots, more socks than you would normally, warm gloves, heavy parka, windbreaker, sweater.

Icelandic Airlines, that special airline that flies to Reykjavík at exceptionally reasonable fares, also runs the Hotel Loftleidir, the best place in town. The lobster and fresh fish, especially salmon and salmon trout, are superb and constant. Boarding Icelandic Airlines' classless and therefore uncompartmented DC-8, I was surprised at the feeling of space and pleasantly unaware of the 240 passengers. The atmosphere is unusually friendly; the stewardesses, charming and polite. Unique on landing in Iceland: Passengers may run around the airport's duty-free shop before they officially enter the country. The thing to buy: liquor, expensive in Iceland.

Some have a gift for colorful living

They're the same ones who like lively people. Exciting new places and things. For them we have a colorful new collection of accent tables. Cocktail tables. Bunching tables. Console tables. Game tables. Eleven styles altogether, and all in the classic Parsons design. Bold colors, like Chinese Red. And Avocado Green. Lemon Yellow. Porcelain White. Indigo Blue. Ebony. Tortoise Shell. And in beautifully matched walnut veneers, too. Colorful living. It's a gift you can acquire. For folders from Lane's wide, wide world of furniture, send 25¢ to The Lane Co., Inc., Altavista, Virginia, 24517.

Lane®
TABLES

For your nearest dealer, phone this toll-free number: 800-243-6100. (In Conn., 800-942-0655)

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

PARIS Restaurants

BY QUENTIN CREWE

"*Each one with its surprises*"

Paris is not a place, it is a mood. It is laughter and old-fashioned naughtiness or it is haggling and snubs from intransigent concierges. Again it is river-dreams and running lovers or it is long, narrow staircases and heavy-curtained eyes and rooms. It is elegance or squalor, sympathy or exclusion, singing or abuse. Emotions reach peaks and depths rarely felt anywhere else.

Eating in Paris is the apogee of a mood. There are, of course, a thousand places where one can simply be nourished and in these there is the same standardization of menus as exists in every other country. In Paris it is melon, salade Niçoise, sole, steak au poivre, and so on—dishes that you will find in every place, as in New York you find shrimp cocktail and filet steak. At the same time there are five-hundred places, each one with its own surprises, each one exactly right for a particular mood, each one unthinkable one day but soothing, invigorating, satisfying, or spontaneously infecting with gaiety the next.

The task of recommending restaurants in Paris is therefore even harder than usual. If it were just a matter of food, one could follow the *Guide Michelin,* as it lists almost any restaurant worth mentioning, although they do have some rather irrational prejudices. My favourite restaurant in Paris for many years was Le Petit Bedon, run by Chef Bernard, who is an artist of the highest calibre. Unfortunately the anonymous Michelin inspector one day fell afoul of Bernard. His booked table wasn't ready for ages, so he made a fuss. The chef threw him physically into the street. Not only were Bernard's two stars taken away, but he was dropped entirely from the *Guide.* Sadly, Bernard has left Paris. But his case was rare; it is virtually impossible to find an unlisted restaurant of any quality. The only criterion that remains is mood, and how am I to tell what your mood will be? If you are prepared to accept an arbitrary selection, my own on a recent visit to Paris, I hope it will make your choice easier.

Pondering on which of the four finest restaurants in Paris I wanted to go to—Maxim's, Tour d'Argent, Grand Véfour, Lasserre—I chose Lasserre, 17 avenue Franklin-D.-Roosevelt (359.53.43). Maxim's is perfect in its Edwardian charm but, for some, too Frenchly formal. Lately, however, Maxim's has been encouraging a younger image. They have founded a business club for "young" gourmets under thirty-nine. Nevertheless, for me, although the food is superb, it is not my favourite. La Tour d'Argent has, to my mind, a certain self-satisfaction. Le Grand Véfour is completely reliable; but Oliver, the owner, I do not much like. Lasserre, on the other hand, has never failed me, although, of course, in the matters of mood, any restaurant can have an unfortunate lapse. When I die, I might want to go there. The room itself is a delight—large, flowery, furnished with excellent taste. The view of a frolicsome Imperial statue gives an extra impression of happy grandeur; the roof slides open to reveal the sky. The tables are wonderfully spaced so that each one seems both private and the best in the room.

Lasserre has, too, a special confidence, almost aristocratic in its nature; this means that it does not need to be too formal. (Maxim's, for instance, insists on dinner jackets on Friday nights.) I was joined for coffee by a rather grotesque hippie figure and his girl. The waiters did not blink. At the same time this assurance gives Lasserre just the right attitude to food. The staff will, if you want, discuss the food down to the last pinch of flour or the wine to the last slope on the vineyard. On the other hand, it will just serve you the best meal you have ever had with complete insouciance, as if it were a matter of no importance. I disapproved mildly of their serving palm hearts, which must be tinned, with their avocados, but I forgave this when they came on a platter with marzipan palm trees as decoration. (I didn't eat them, of course.) I ate sole homardine and the whole truffle in pastry. For amazement I would eat those and any of the desserts because they are all astonishing. After that, you may ask, why bother with anywhere else? Why indeed, except that it is not every lunch and dinner time that one wants to eat so irresistibly much, nor pay $40 a head for doing so.

The mood changes. If you are looking for the rougher Edwardian style, which Le Grand Véfour provides, there is Le Bistrot de Paris, 33 rue Lille, 7ième (548.32.44). It is cheaper, run by the son of Oliver, yet in some ways more satisfactory than the father's original. There are globe lights, cut-glass panels, and a generally ancient air. The son is far more delightful than the father; but he lacks, I fear, the old man's consistency. You may strike it lucky. The snails in pastry and the chicken stuffed with cheese are of a very high standard. The bill will be about $8.50 a head.

If in passing, you want real untouched Edwardian—untouched that is by guides or chic—you could try Orsi, 9 rue Saint-Sauveur, 2ième (236.97.11). To me it is enchanting in its simplicity with the advantage of being extremely cheap; it is decorated with brass rails, plain mirrors, a coffeehouse box at the back of the room for privacy. It is a neighbourhood restaurant, but I always eat well there.

Perhaps the mood is quiet intimacy, in which case try l'Archestrate, 20 de l'Exposition, 7ième (551.79.96), near the Eiffel Tower. This has become fashionable lately, largely because of the skill of the chef, Alain Senderens. It is a plain place, but peaceful, with wooden walls, yellow tablecloths, and lots of flowers. My only complaint was that on a very hot day he served us food that one would have thought suitable on a Breughel-landscape day. Hot curry soup, fish with a red wine sauce (*beurre rougè,* his invention), even coffee cups without handles. It is serious food and worth $7 a head.

For noisy intimacy—Le Galant Verre, 12 rue Verneuil, 7ième (222.37.81), the favourite restaurant of Monsieur Pompidou. There is a certain over-assurance here. The ambience is funny—a poky place, panelled with abstract samplers, leatherette seats, rough tables, and flowery china. All of which we had time to study as twenty minutes went by before our first communication with anyone apart from the allotment of our reserved table. Monsieur Girard, however, makes up for many shortcomings. He is a bearded inventor, capable of producing entirely unexpected dishes such as "crab grapefruit" yet somehow never overstepping the confines of classical cooking. His snails on mushrooms and truffled scrambled eggs are memorable. The fuss, as at Lasserre, is just right and $8.50 a head is fair.

For sheer eating, unconnected with glamour, even of the inverted sort created by L'Ami Louis, I went to Chez Garin, 9 rue Lagrange, 5ième (033.13.99). There is nothing in the world to equal the simplicity and dedication of this kind of French restaurant. A plain décor with red curtains and flocked wallpaper, otherwise nothing but white tablecloths. No elegance but plenty of room and comfort. Sex rating—minus two. The dishes are not numerous, but they are exquisite. Like duck pâté, soufflé of trout, and raspberry biscuit ice. I do not very much mind if I never eat again, so delicious was each course, accompanied by a still champagne called Savan Nature. No matter what my mood I could eat at Chez Garin, even at $17 a head.


White Shoulders by Evyan.

You don't have to be a doctor to know: If you wear pantyhose, you should wear Panty Unders.™

Oh, what a good idea.
Beautiful lace bikini panties
specially designed to wear under pantyhose.
They're feminine in cut, feminine in look.
The most comfortable panty
to wear with pantyhose.
Because cotton is agreeable
to your skin, these panties feature a cotton,
terrycloth shield for comfort and security.
(And one size fits almost everyone.)



IMPORTANT!
Panty Unders are packaged with Mere-Sheers Pantyhose, the most exquisitely sheer pantyhose ever designed.

Finesse®
by Stevens

Stevens Hosiery, a division of J.P. Stevens & Co., Inc.

HOROSCOPE

October 15 through October 31

ARIES, March 21–April 20. The best days in these two weeks are the 17th and 18th, when investigation reveals a situation that must be adjusted on the 19th or a serious loss might result. To delay would make the problem insurmountable. You can not expect cooperation from partners after the 21st, as Venus (financial help) is retrograde then. Mars, your ruler, enters a new sign, Libra, on the 21st and stays there for the rest of the month. The initiatives are all in the hands of others. Business contacts should be approached casually. Social obligations can be fulfilled from the 27th to the 29th. After the new moon on the 30th, everything changes, beginning a new phase.

TAURUS, April 21–May 30. *From the 16th to the 20th, act decisively to complete pending programs before your ruler, Venus, is retrograde in Scorpio, forcing slow-downs and an inability to meet commitments. You may need to accept whatever conditions are offered or to use persuasive methods to get cooperation from co-workers. Venus in the powerful sign of Scorpio—your opposite—offers a lesson in how your opponents react to life, for now you occupy their place. To over-concentrate now would only disturb your quiet nature; instead, pursue a personal hobby, perhaps art or music, or take a short holiday. The new moon on the 30th changes the scene.*

GEMINI, May 31–June 21. Your persistent wish to find a new format to display your working talents should lead you to try new forms of expression between the 17th and the 24th. To insure the appeal of an original undertaking on the 25th, give priority to research and to unique publicity methods. Mercury, your ruler, is in Scorpio; this means that you must make a thorough and intense presentation, aimed to stimulate. Expect an excited response if the day you choose is the 30th, the new moon. Not since Mercury made contact with Uranus earlier in the month have you been content with things as they have been.

CANCER, June 22–July 22. You could have as many as three distinct undertakings working successfully between the 16th and the 20th. This may surprise business partners, who may not have realized how astute and enterprising you are. On the 23rd, a disappointment gives warning to examine a contract to buy or lease property that involves a heavier responsibility. A promising situation could end in cancellation on the 30th. Be prepared to organize a new, improved plan on the 31st. Take the family out to celebrate your triumph. With the concentration of planets in Scorpio, harmonious to your Water sign, the new moon on the 30th will be a powerful and important time for you.

LEO, July 23–August 23. *You may be too optimistic (as you often are) about programs already in action and find on the 21st that one associate has dropped out without formal notice. The financial situation will require examination, and someone new may have to be sought. Negotiations should not be attempted until the 26th. Plan any serious meetings with new associates on the 31st, the day after the new moon, so that they are handled by one you trust while you stay on the sidelines. This is the most trying day of the month for you, and this period severely tests your ability and sense of values; it may determine your future economic situation.*

VIRGO, August 24–September 22. The weekend of the 17th should end a hard-driving cycle in which you accomplish everything you have set out to do by the 20th, and you will have to re-organize for a new cycle. If you return to a past project just to keep busy (and you do prefer to do that), it will have to be abandoned on the 24th. A new situation, odd but intriguing, is offered. Take time to consider it, for you would be placed in a demanding atmosphere, changing your routine. Information received early on the 30th makes it all clear. If you are prepared to be involved in an intense campaign, accept the offer on the 31st; late in the evening would be the best time.

LIBRA, September 23–October 23. While Mercury (negotiator) occupies your sign, you can not afford to ignore the many new propositions (Uranus's influence) offered from the 17th to the 20th. You will have to forego parties for a time. With five planets now in your second house (income), you may feel confused as to which offer to accept. The most important considerations are to consolidate your talents in the way most useful for the opportunities you are attracting and to commit yourself while beneficial planets set up an extraordinary potential at new moon, the 30th. Mars in Libra shows tremendous activity, and this is a singular time for innovative Uranus to highlight your ability.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. *Your power continues to be boosted by beneficial planets occupying your sign. You have until the 21st to enjoy Venus's influence. Then, when Venus stops moving, social activities will slow down; but Neptune's inspiration should lead you to more devotion to the one you love and to accomplishment in art. From the 26th to the new moon in Scorpio on the 30th, examine every new idea carefully; for if you ever have wanted to change your life, to choose a new kind of work, this time would suit such projects. Your future depends on the choices you make now. Since you are astute, you welcome a test of your judgment.*

SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 21. The new rôle that you will be expected to play will take a bit of rehearsing. Your power (Jupiter in your twelfth house) has gone underground. This is not an easy situation for an extrovert, but by the new moon—the 30th—the kind of performance expected will be clarified in a rush of activities. Prepare for practically anything from the 21st to the 31st. On the 27th, someone in a gathering throws out a chance remark: a magical suggestion giving you the answer. As you are known for your prophetic abilities, now, at the beginning of a twelve-year cycle, prepare for a high point in your future.

CAPRICORN, December 22–January 19. Your ruler, Saturn, remains in a neutral state, placing duties to partners and friends at the top of the list. From the 17th to the 21st, you make the choices; after that, you are back taking orders from those who hold the power and even social activities have a dutiful overtone. On the 29th and 30th, a personal plan may have to be cancelled to solve a problem for a friend who needs your guidance. On the 30th, the new moon in your eleventh house (friends and wishes) means friends may require much of your attention. But do not let them interrupt the fulfillment of a wish of long standing. Jupiter is in a good spot for you: Your wish should be a great idea.

AQUARIUS, January 20–February 18. *Uranus, your ruler, prominent in the area of changes, occupies your ninth house (ideologies). After the 20th, it has the planet of action, Mars, as a companion. You could start to distribute a new set of programs that will be well received. Control is the key word when Mars is on the scene, so the pace is not too fast nor the ideas too drastic. As Uranus and Mars come closer to conjunction on the 31st, travel should slow and a more subdued atmosphere surround every undertaking. With harmonious planets covering your standing in the community (your public house), you will be heard; your proposals, accepted.*

PISCES, February 19–March 20. As your ruler is coming to the end of its occupancy in Scorpio, the power is at a high voltage. You could be drawn into an emotional situation of an extreme kind, and a social group might use your influence to promote a last-minute deal that will require control and discriminate handling. After the 20th, the pressure could subside. The whole matter may come to a disappointing stop at the new moon—the 30th—when the situation reveals the true motivations. A new idea will replace the false or illusionary situation of this strange period. Many offers stir you on the 31st, but they are backed by facts and reality.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



Photo by JERRY SALVATI

Decorative Fabrics of *Cecil Beaton*

GAY AS "GIGI"! COLORFUL AS "MY FAIR LADY"! AWARD WINNING AS "COCO"!

The first showing of the Cecil Beaton decorative fabric collection is now taking place at fine stores.
The collection can also be seen in the helpful booklet, "Creative Concepts in Decorator Living."
Write for name of nearest store featuring collection, to obtain brochure send ten cents for postage and handling.

DUPONT ZEPEL SOIL/STAIN REPELLER

Bloomcraft® Dept. CB, 15 East 26th Street • New York, N.Y. 10010

MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

The man from head to foot

Big, wide feet. Suddenly, the shoes to have are big, wide, almost orthopaedic looking. "When my son came to dinner, I thought he must be having problems with his feet, the shoes were so big," a New York lady says. Men feel bigger shoes are right with wider-bottomed trousers. Colour and pattern go to the feet, too: shoes in mixes of greys, greens, reds; over-the-calf patterned socks such as these from Bonwit Teller. ***1.*** Black-patent-and-silver shoes, high in front, cut to the heel in back. Pierre Cardin, 118 rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris. ***2.*** Wine and grey leather, grommets, $40. ***3.*** Black patent, cork sole, $40. ***4.*** Two-tone grey boot. $48. 2, 3, 4, at Nunn Bush Brass Boot, 662 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.



GELBSMAN

5. New knickers, plus the gear to pull the look together, is what ***Gilles Dufour*** had in mind. He found them at D. D. Dominick, 246 East 51st, in autumn's best colour range—wine reds and purples with grey. Grey-and-port striped knickers, $13; lace-front grey boots, $47; port-rosé-and-beige crêpe shirt, $19; claret wool sweater, $20; painted leather belt, $25. The camel-colour cashmere cap by Malyard, $35 at Bonwit Teller.

6 & 7. Tennis heads with thick manes have come up with an answer to flying hair on the courts: decorative headbands. ***Clint Eastwood's,*** bright Indian braid; ***Ron Ely's,*** a dark printed cotton scarf.

ELLEN BLUME



NAPIER IS HAUGHTIER.

Tasseled drop necklace in silvery or golden finish, $18. Earrings, $15.

Napier® 530 Fifth Ave. NY10036. At fine stores everywhere.

OCTOBER 15, 1970

VOGUE'S
eye view



THE LANDFARERS

PHOTOGRAPHED IN ICELAND BY JOHN COWAN

Jet-black beaches and milk-white waterfalls, smoking volcanoes and great never-melting glaciers, spouting geysers, sea-fretted fjords—Iceland's got them all. . . . What it's also got is green fields starred with wildflowers where sheep and cattle graze; spotless villages with houses painted in Mediterranean colours—blue, green, orange; hardy, good-looking people who speak an ancient Norse tongue little changed from the Icelandic sagas—and who buy and read more new books, per capita, than any people in the world. . . . And air. Over sea-girt Iceland sweeps a great rush of the purest, freshest, bracing-est air to be breathed anywhere: even the thriving capital, Reykjavik, hasn't a wisp of smog (it's heated by underground thermal springs). A recent visitor to Iceland said, "It has distance, space, beauty—a place to be alone, a place to get lost in. Or a place to find yourself." The clothes on these 20 pages, all photographed in Iceland, are ready to fare forth into autumn wherever you are . . . looking great in the country . . . witty in the city.

Above: Grey loden midicoat, snugly tied at the waist and hip-pocketed over its own grey skirt. Seen here on the beach at Skogafjara, Iceland, an endless sweep of black volcanic sand over which thousands of white sea-birds—Arctic skuas, gulls, terns—float and wheel in the sea wind. . . . Coat and skirt by Adolfo, of Anglo Fabrics wool loomed in America. To order: Saks Fifth Avenue. Adolfo hat. Turtleneck by Missoni. Boa from Rammagerdin Souvenir Store, Reykjavik. Mittens by Ritter Brothers. Gucci walking stick. Boots: Charles Jourdan.

THE LANDFARERS

RACY NEW LOOKS READY TO GO ANYWHERE—

Clean-cut, pulled-together, dashingly executed in tweeds, wools, leather, fur—capped or hooded, stockinged or booted, fringed, poncho-ed or caped—the clothes on these 20 pages are forthright, free, at home anywhere the climate's bracing. *This page:* A hayfield in Iceland, near Vikurkirkja—and a girl in a rugged Iceland sweater, knitted by a crofter's wife. From Rammagerdin Souvenir Store, Reykjavik. Another purebred Iceland product: the pony—one of a shaggy, hardy breed whose ancestors trotted ashore with the Norsemen.... *Opposite:* In front of Skógafoss waterfall—a 200-foot crash of milky glacier water spiked with lumps of glacier ice—a perpetual rainbow hovers. Standing in its rays, a smashing midisuit with the short jacket of the year, in multicoloured Aztec print. By Umberto Manzo Couture 71 for Davidow, in handwoven Alpujarra wool. About $240. At Saks Fifth Avenue; L.S. Ayres; Woolf Brothers; Neusteters; Sakowitz. Cap by Ronald Kolodzie for Genesis. Korrigan sweater. Belt by Elegant. Gucci walking stick. Necklace from the National Museum in Reykjavik. Kayser Roth tights. Pierre Cardin shoes. All coiffures and hairpieces by Christophe Carita.



THE LANDFARERS

VIKING COAT IN WHITE MINK

Mysteriously water-borne, here—like a figure from some ancient Norse legend—a girl in a magnificent, all-enveloping mink coat, ankle-length, hooded, with bright Aurora-Borealis bands of embroidered vinyl in red and multicolour. By Giorgio di Sant' Angelo for Chambers Sherwin, in "Azurene," Emba mink. At Bonwit Teller, Chicago. Grandoe mittens. . . . Coat, boat, and occupant are floating in the glacier lagoon of Vatnajökull in southeast Iceland, a pale inlet three thousand feet deep, unthinkably cold. In it drift icebergs of up to a thousand tons' weight, bobbing and jostling; occasionally one turns turtle, causing an inland tidal wave, sudden, terrifying. (On hand here—though unseen—are life jackets and safety lines.)

JOHN COWAN



On a wild shore—Iceland's Vatnajökull glacier lagoon—wild flings of fur, barbaric, splendid. . . . *Above:* A great hooded cape of red fox paws, swinging on asymmetric fringe of raccoon tails. By Giorgio di Sant' Angelo at Flemington Furs, New Jersey. Boots by Sant' Angelo. *Below:* Luxurious wrapped, striped midicoat of black-and-white skunk fur, flared at the hem over brown suède boots; topped by a giant fur shako of Canadian fisher with tails of ermine, sable, and fisher. Coat by Ben Kahn Boutique. At Gidding-Jenny; I. Magnin; Creed's of Toronto. Hat designed by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon; at Saks Fifth Avenue. Sash by Missoni. Boots by Charles Jourdan.

THE LANDFARERS
NORTHBOUND FURS

JOHN COWAN

Above: Coat of flecked-and-dappled lynx cat paws that doesn't need a heroic setting to look marvellous . . . though it has one here: a floating iceberg in the Vatnajökull glacier lagoon. Coat by Viola Sylbert for Alixandre, at Henri Bendel; Jacobson's, Michigan; I. Magnin. Badger hat by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . .

Below: Sealskin pantsuit for a young explorer (or skier) anywhere it's cold: chopped jacket, silvery-buckled belt, long pants tucked into suède boots. Pantsuit by Anne Klein for H.B.A., in Fouke-processed Lakoda sheared Alaska fur seal, dyed cocoa. To order at Jacques Ferber, Phila.; Jacobson's, Michigan. Glentex scarf. Fur-tail necklace by Ugo Carreani. Mittens by Ritter Brothers.



THE GREAT PLAID WOOL PONCHO... BUCKSKIN JEANS

Left: Great look for north country, any country—the poncho, fringed, turtlenecked, front-zipped—a square of blanket-weight pure wool, plaided in warm reds, oranges, flung over straight green wool pants, fur boots. Shown here on a lava field near the Reykjanes Peninsula in Iceland.... Poncho, about $28; pants, about $35; both by Pendleton. At Wallachs, R. H. Stearns, Hudson's, Meier & Frank. Mittens by Hansen. Jean Claude Killy Après-Ski boots by Wolverine.
Right: The famous free-striding American jeans—loved all over the world—and stitched up here in another American great: buckskin. Tawny-beige, straight-legged, superb striding over a flower-starred marsh near the fishing village of Eyrarbakki, Iceland. Jeans and beige-and-white checked polyester shirt, both $180; by Francesca for Damon. At Best & Co. Hat by Mr. John. Handbag by Animal Crackers. Sheffield watch. Belt by Gucci. Clogs by OlofDaughters.

JOHN COWAN

THE LANDFARERS

GOING GREAT LEGS

Above: Taking the choppy waters of Hofn harbour on the fly — tweed jacket and gauchos in brown-and-white herringbone wool. Anne Klein. Jacket, about $150; pants, about $56. Saks Fifth Avenue, Halle's, Cleveland; Swanson's, Neiman-Marcus. Mr. John hat. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Hermès belt. Bonwit Teller. Boots: Bootinos by B. F. Goodrich.... *Below:* Rust suède midiskirt and black ponyskin weskit dashing hell-bound-for-leather over umber-and-rust silk print — and the cliff-swagged coast of Vik that rounds into the distance for miles. Leather-bound, silk-shirted furnout and rust suède boots, all from Gucci.

JOHN GOVAN

Above, shades of shirt-range in Stokksey's wools: the sweaters meander dreamily through clumps of moss—charcoal cashmere with matching sweater, knee-socks, and charcoal suede boots. By Kinross Cashmere. Sweater and shorts, each about $40. At Veneziano Boutique. Belt, Hermès at Bonwit Teller. Boots by La Bolero. Looks just meant for wild cloud-racked October days—a rust wool cape and booted corduroy, off for a morning canter across the orange-tinged fields. By White Stag Cape, about $46. Crompton cotton jeans, about $18. At Lord & Taylor, Hudson's, Frost Bros. Missoni sweater. Grandoe gloves. Boots, Palmroth of Finland.

THE LANDFARERS

GREAT WALKERS

Left. Walking's a brisk habit in stone-grey wool twill—the kind of blazer, vest, and wrapped skirt that can put the miles behind you on brilliant blustery days…here, miles of Skógafjara's volcanic sands. Suit by Anne Klein. Blazer, about $120; vest, about $50; skirt, about $65. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Higbee's; L. S. Ayres; Boston Store. Kislav gloves. Knee socks: Scandinavian Ski Shops. OlafDaughters clogs. Walking stick from County Museum, Skógar. *Right.* A real walkaway of a coat—camel's hair, bathrobe-tied, flap-pocketed, for striding into Skógafjara's gusty sea air or anywhere else in the world. Coat by Ernst Strauss; plaid pants tucked into boots. Lord & Taylor; Bullock's, all stores. Mr. John hacking hat. Abercrombie & Fitch gloves. Uncle Sam walking stick. Palmroth of Finland boots. Korrigan sweaters, both pages.


JOHN COWAN


1


2


3


4



THE

LANDFARERS

LEGS, LEGS, LEGS

1. Crossing the Reykjanes Peninsula, a rush of rust, slash, suède—side-slit skirt to show a flash of legs. Sleeveless coat and skirt by Carol Horn for Benson & Partners. Coat, about $80; skirt, about $58. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Joseph Magnin. De Noyer shirt. Scarf: Hermès for Bonwit Teller. Sheffield watch.

2. In the moss-covered lava plains near Reykjanes, the softest weathery suède—earth-brown shirt tied at the waist over a wrapped midiskirt. Leslie Fulop for Beged-Or. About $205. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Schlampp's; Joseph Magnin. Fur helmet: Fernando Sanchez for Revillon, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Satchel by Animal Crackers. Gloves, Abercrombie & Fitch. Boots: Battani Boutique.

3. Highland looks high on volcanic cliffs near the hamlet of Vík—brass-buttoned navy blazer, kilted plaid skirt, peachy knees. Wool hopsacking blazer by Leon Block. About $140. Lord & Taylor; Giorgio, Beverly Hills. Skirt, about $35. To order at Scottish Products. Korrigan sweater. Napier kilt pin. Sheffield watch. Bonnie Doon knee socks. Ermine tails by Melloni. Shoes by Viner Bros.

4. Light-grey flannel weskit and gauchos beside the dark-grey waters of Tízkufoss Falls. Wool turnout and beige-and-red wool challis shirt, to order at Mr. John. Also, Nan Duskin; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Belt by Elegant. Charles Jourdan boots.

5. Hooded grey woolly coat bound in fake leather, closed with lots of brass, worn over knickers, knee socks, and brogues—the spriest way to look when you go exploring places like Kerid Crater in Grímsnes. Weatherbee coat, of Stevens Forstmann fabric. About $110. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Halle's-Cleveland; Marshall Field. Suède knickers by Joan Kavanaugh for Casa Cuero. Junior sizes. $95. Knee socks: The Scandinavian Ski Shops. Boots: Cristel of Copenhagen.

JOHN COWAN

THE LANDFARERS

SLASH-DASH SKIRTS

Below: Wrapped plaid and bare knees in a breezy flap of red-black-white wool—you need all the leg-room you can get when you start looking around in caves like this. Skirt by Sloat. About $40. At Altman's. Shirt by Boepple Sportswear, in white Dacron bouclé. About $16. Gimbels; Kaufmann's. Missoni bonnet and scarf. Ugo Correani choker. Ruza Creations satchel. Hermès belt. Sunglasses by Kenneth J. Lane for Tropic-Cal. Knee socks by Bonnie Doon.

Right: Buttoned camel's hair and plenty of booted leg—a natural for clambering along the daisy-spattered slopes that overlook Mýrdalur gorge. Skirt and rib-knit sweater by Jaeger. Skirt, of wool and camel's hair, about $46. Sweater, of cashmere, lamb's wool, and camel's hair, about $40. Saks Fifth Avenue. Melloni fur tails. Necklace and belt by Fiorucci of Milan. Sheffield watch. Tights by Emilio Pucci for The McCallum Boutique. Boots by Gucci.

JOHN COWAN



THE LANDFARERS

LONG LOOKS, LONG LEGS



1. Romantic colour wind-swelled against volcanic hills and clear Icelandic sky—the scarlet capelet blows back over a huge black wool cape, sweater, wrapped skirt, and racy length of leg. By Adolfo. Saks Fifth Avenue. Belt by Adolfo. Boots at Saks Fifth Avenue. **2.** Skógafjara's violet-grey water washes over crags and black sand—perfect campaign ground for a brass-buttoned officer's coat in pale, pale beige whipcord. By Leon Block. $250. At Veneziano Boutique; Giorgio, Beverly Hills. Bowler by Mr. John. Echo scarf. Kislav gloves. Gucci walking stick and boots. **3.** Canvas midicoat piped in leather and creviced in black ice a thousand feet above Solheimajökull's glacial fjord—the skirt of the coat snaps off for a longer view of the canvas skirt beneath. Both by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. Pile-lined coat, about $175; skirt, about $60. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's. Missoni cap. De Noyer sweater. Necklace by Gogiò Pomodoro. Calderon belt. Boots: Battani Boutique. **4.** Going a man's trenchcoat one better—greige wool jersey buckled in leather. Victor Joris for V. & J. Design. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Fur helmet by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Uncle Sam walking stick. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Charles Jourdan boots. **5.** Along a stretch of red volcanic sand near the steaming geysers of Krísuvik, some of the warmest autumn colour around—a golden-yellow body stocking laced with a snug bronze suède weskit, and wide-flung skirt. Skirt, $75; weskit, $38. Junior sizes. Both by Joan Kavanaugh for Casa Cuero. Schiaparelli body stocking. Arnoldo Pomodoro necklace. Sheffield watch. Victoriana sandals.

THE LANDFARERS

KNIT COATS

Left: Knit fur — that's the sleeveless coat, roughing it almost to the ankle over turtleneck, hip belt, pants, boots. . . . Vogue Pattern 7907. In brown furry knit with silvery glints, by Borg Fabrics, of Creslan and Dynel. Macy's; Kaufmann's; Marshall Field; D. H. Holmes. Sweater by Anne Klein. Ben Berger mittens. Calderon belt. Boots by Charles Jourdan.

Right: Knit wool — that's the heathery wrapped coat, easy and patch-pocketed and tied in the great steamer-robe tradition. Vogue Pattern 2412. Nifty-gritty jersey by Anglo Knits, of wool knitted in America. At Altman's; Halle's-Cleveland; Shillito's; Marshall Field. Aris gloves. Boots: Bootinos by B. F. Goodrich. . . .

Both knit coats are down by the sea and ships at Njardvík's construction yard where one boat, left, is being built and another, at right, is under repair. All the coiffures on these twenty pages are by Christophe Carita.

For pattern details, see page 128.

VOGUE PATTERNS

VOGUE PATTERN 7907

JOHN COWAN

VOGUE PATTERN 2412



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Skyjackers and U Thant's plea for an international tribunal where "a criminal act is judged for its criminality and not for its political motivation." . . . The television binge of sports with more networks finding live action healthier than canned plots. . . . John Hersey's *Letter to the Alumni,* written on his retirement as Master of Pierson College at Yale University, a book flooding with emotion, affection, tolerance, and sums of insight: "In five years of living closely with students I encountered very few who disliked their parents. Indeed, in a few cases, where it was alarmingly clear that one parent, or both parents, had proved to be vindictive, or selfish, or blind, or unloving, the response was almost always sadness and pity rather than hatred."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *"Cool-out," the word for a drug overdose. . . .* Belloc: A Biographical Anthology, *edited by Herbert van Thal, a book full-bodied like Hilaire Belloc, an eccentrically brilliant English author who died in 1953; a man with a mind both light and serious, who can be read as easily as but more pleasurably than today's* Daily News: *When he wrote about Oliver Cromwell, the hero of the new movie,* Cromwell, *with Richard Harris, opening this month in New York, Belloc said that Cromwell was "a man on whom the official history has lied more freely than on anybody else. He came of a gigantically wealthy family and was connected by marriage and blood with about a dozen millionaires of his day. It is great fun to see how bewildered he was by finding that it was necessary that he should take on the boredom of government which he didn't like one little bit."*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The spread of the word "trashed," meaning wrecked, as in a building. . . . The film of Turgenev's 1870 story, "First Love," by Maximilian Schell who has brilliantly used decaying, underfurnished, bone-pale houses and rooms, photographed in Hungary, to give an ominous, surrealistic haunt of impending revolution. . . . Shirley MacLaine's autobiographical zap, *Don't Fall Off the Mountain,* a juicy clump of adventures in and out of the movies that read like The Perils of MacLaine.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The kick among men touristing on Mykonos of wearing huge silver Greek crosses with bathing trunks. . . . The range and scale of Georgia O'Keeffe's genius in New York's Whitney Museum of American Art exhibition of 121 works dating from 1915 into 1970 by the eighty-three-year-old painter whose first airplane flight in 1961 gave her a new shot at the world, led to the series of paintings including the luminescent twenty-four-foot-long "Sky Above Clouds IV." . . . The fat* Foodbook *by James Trager who spills everything —myth, nonsense, and chemistry—about food: The apple in the Garden of Eden, says the Koran, was not an apple, but a banana; Charles Darwin thought it was, more probably, an apricot.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . François Truffaut's film *The Wild Child,* a cool recounting of the in-fact case of an eighteenth-century Wolf Boy, with the subliminal suggestion that every civilizing action has its reaction. . . . Melba Moore as a rock Carmen on *The Naked Carmen,* an album mixing the Detroit Symphony Orchestra and a Moog synthesizer with a "Habanera" that goes "When Love is Free, then Love's for me."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The beautifully written, unmincing, and gallant* Autobiography by *Enid Bagnold who can even make syntax a thriller. . . . In Italy, the ropy-blond pop singer Minna, who's made it with heavy, down songs about love and a face that invites being roughed up. . . . The sensible, easy-lesson volley of chat between Dorothy Rodgers and her daughter Mary in the book* A Word to the Wives, *a practise-and-preach manual on husbands, children, and other social games, played by the Rodgerses without stuff: "Any kid of mine who stands up on a window sill . . . tries to eat aspirin, or dashes into the street after a ball, gets slugged. Hard." . . . Roy Lichtenstein's graphics at the Leo Castelli Gallery in New York, cheeky, funny undercuts.*

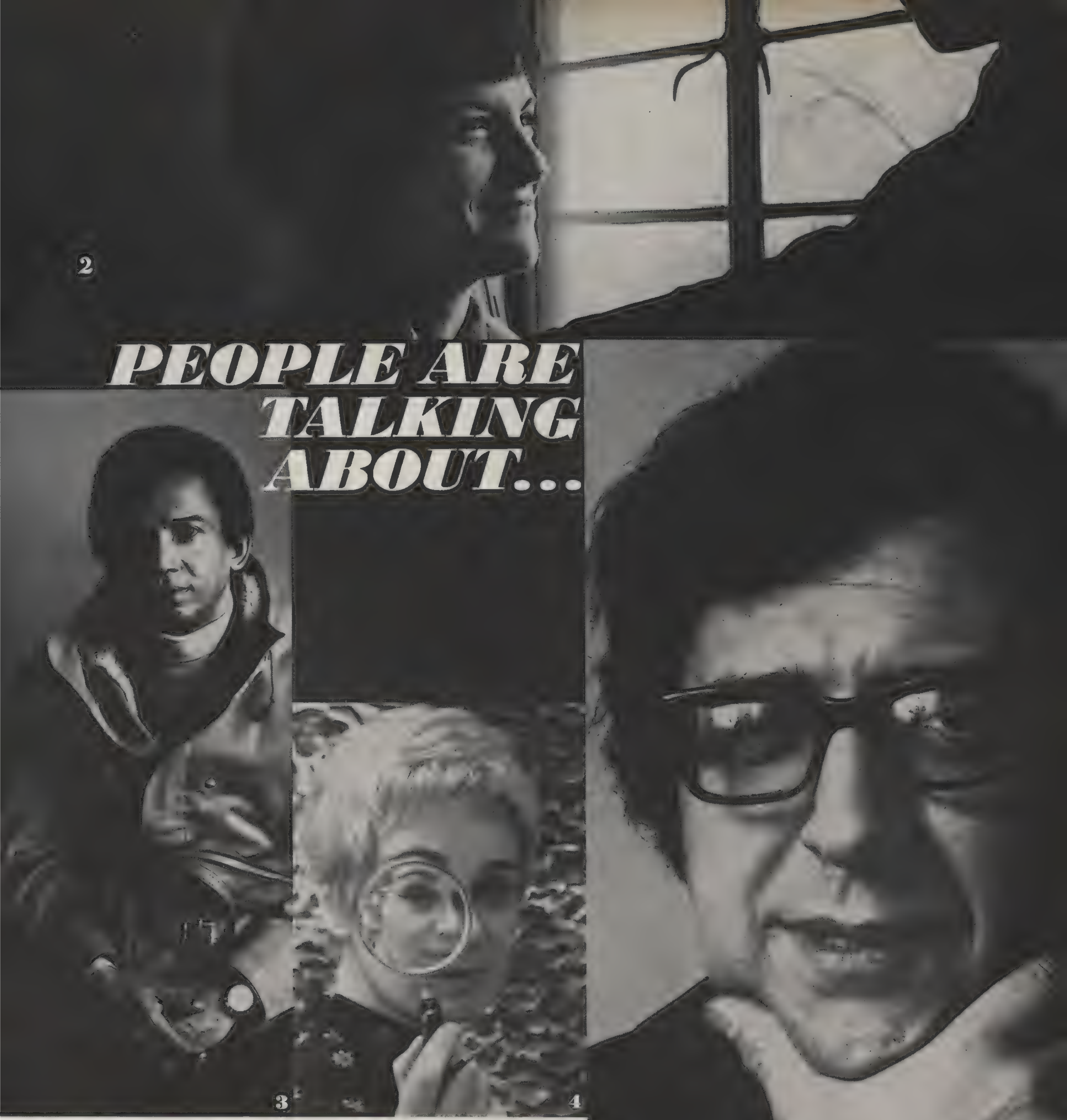
JEREMY CLYDE AND PAUL JONES, the two young British stars of the heel-clicking London hit *Conduct Unbecoming* that has just opened here as well, a marvellously old-fashioned play by Barry England with three acts, stuffed with melodramatic twists and dialogue audiences must listen to. It may be the British India of the 1890's, by way of Kipling, but it works. In the trial room seesaw between two fresh subaltern recruits, Jeremy Clyde, *left,* plays a colonel's son, on trial, determined to get sent home—hating his father and the Army, impertinent, a trifle purple, with the makings of a real rotter. Paul Jones, *right,* as the man chosen to defend him, is iron-eyed, rifle-straight, blasted into disillusionment by his own stiff determination. A fascinating pair. Jeremy Clyde, who doesn't like to admit he's descended from the Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo, is twenty-nine and has spent five years in America as a folk singer. Before *Conduct Unbecoming,* his face was familiar in England as Lord Nidderdale in a "classical serial," a stuffy stint on television about which he lib-ly jokes. Paul Jones, twenty-eight, was a pop singer who made a so-so picture, *Privilege,* about a rock performer who leads a youth coup. After 1966, Jones switched directions, took on more serious parts, married novelist Sheila MacLeod. Both Clyde and Jones are uneasy about their pasts, unlike their rôles in *Conduct Unbecoming,* and eager to get on with it.

PATRICK LICHFIELD



MARIA CALLAS (1), in Pier Paolo Pasolini's obsessive, almost-silent *Medea,* the Italian film scheduled for New York this season in which the supreme opera star Callas, without singing, gives a dizzying triumph of a performance. Wrapped in long, embroidered robes and barbaric ornaments, Maria Callas moves relentlessly, acting out a bloody ritual of revenge—loving and murdering with an awesome, feminine determination. ***RITA HAUSER*** (2), United States representative to the United Nations Human Rights Commission, who has pointed out that the "equal rights" amendment to the Constitution would also give the legal right of marriage to homosexuals. Small, brunette, splendidly overeducated (she's a lawyer with a French Ph.D. in economics), Rita Hauser is a partner in an international law firm; her husband, Gustave, a former Harvard Law School professor now in business. Rita Hauser said: "Women are the peacemakers . . . they know the value of reasoned discourse. That's the rôle for women in politics." ***AL FREEMAN, JR.*** (3), and his rôle as Bobby Seale, the Black Panther leader, in the BBC television play *Chicago 7 Trial,* the script taken from the trial manuscript, seen October 4 in England. Intense, impatient with playing the straight man, Freeman has just completed directing his own excoriating film version of LeRoi Jones's *The Slave,* in which he plays the lead, a steady-on, brilliant portrait of a Black bully. ***JUNE WAYNE*** (4), and The Tamarind Institute, the lithography workshop she started a decade ago in Los Angeles, recently moved to the campus of the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque. Singlehandedly, June Wayne, a tiny wom-

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

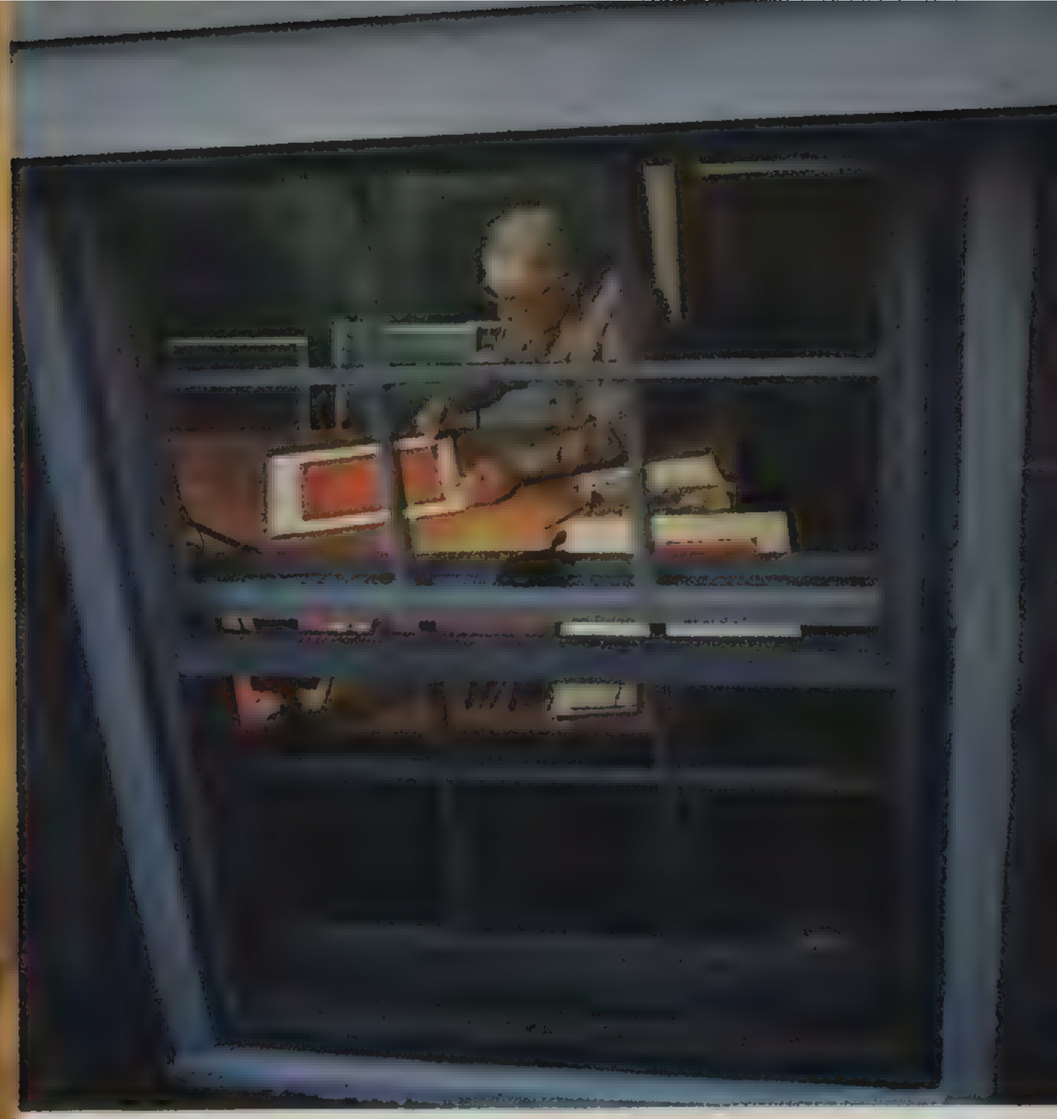


an with a pay-attention voice and a snapping sense of humour, started a workshop in Los Angeles to train lithography printers and artists in the vanishing technique. Her enthusiasm caught fire—355 artists have worked at Tamarind, producing over ninety thousand works of art in only ten years. ***LUCIANO BERIO*** (5), the forty-four-year-old Italian composer now living in New York whose music is the storm centre of controversy. Dark, genially pessimistic, Berio, who often finds his music simply in the sound of words, outraged Santa Fe, New Mexico, this summer with the première of *Opera*—not an opera at all but a loosely structured, theatre-and-music piece performed by musicians and the Open Theater—and proved again that he is a shake-up composer with something to say and listen to.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY: 1. UGO MULAS; 2. CLAUDE PICASSO; 4. MAURICE HOGENBOOM; 3, 5. JACK ROBINSON







JOSEF ALBERS

"PROPHET AND PRESIDING GENIUS OF AMERICAN OP ART"

BY SAM HUNTER

One would never guess that the painter Josef Albers is eighty-two years old from his trim, compact figure, rosy cheeks, clear eye, and jaunty step—or his fierce competitiveness with rival artists living and dead. In conversation he enjoys playing the *enfant terrible* and casually making the most outrageous assertions, directed mainly at Expressionist art whose slovenliness mortally offends his orderly, meticulous mind. However, he manages to deliver even his severest strictures in a teasing manner, and they are clearly more the result of sassy high spirits than of spitefulness.

In a crowded, furiously productive life, Albers has managed to build three distinct careers and to abandon them. He was first known as an innovator at the Bauhaus nearly fifty years ago. Then he became one of the great teachers of modern art as an émigré in America, and finally in the 'sixties he (Continued on next page)

JOSEF ALBERS,
a painter passionately in love with colour,
was photographed here in autumnal gold near his house
in Connecticut. Far left: Albers's hands applying oil paint,
unmixed, straight from the tube, with a palette knife
on Masonite. Above: Albers in his small studio
at work on his unending "Homage to the Square" series.

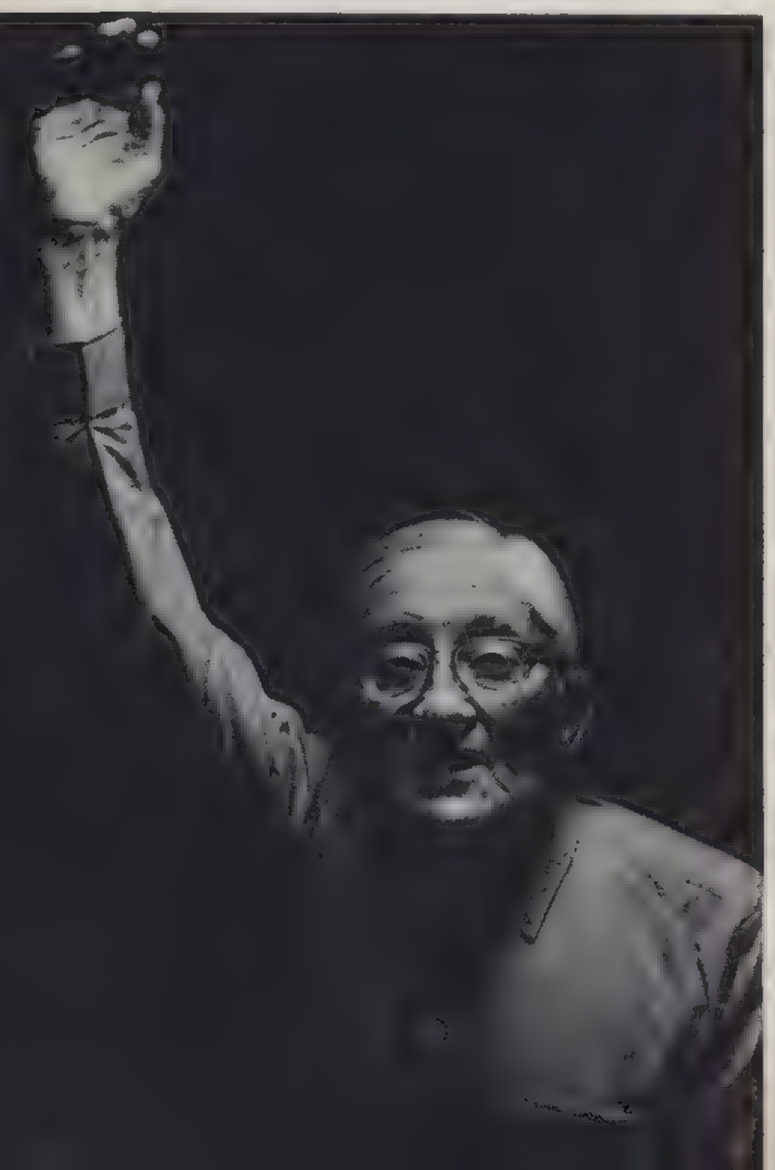
SNOWDON

JOSEF ALBERS

(Continued) emerged as prophet and presiding genius of American Op Art. Since that triumphant moment, he seems to have levelled off at an entirely new plateau, sustained by a widening public awareness of his stature rather than any startling developments in his serene, unchanging art. With the cumulative authority of his gathering years and a half century of fertile invention behind him, Albers has come increasingly to be recognized as a certified modern master, a tested and enduring classic beyond the reach of the shifting tides of art fashions.

In view of the vicissitudes of his reputation until rather recently, it is hardly surprising that Albers takes a somewhat skeptical attitude towards his current celebrity. It still galls him to remember how he toiled in relative obscurity while younger artists easily gained public visibility, among them some of his own students. A proud, sensitive, and somewhat egocentric man, he alternates between suspicions that the art establishment is conspiring to exclude him and a touching appreciation of recognition, especially when it comes from beyond the protective circle of devoted ex-students, collaborators, and old, loyal friends. For them, his doctrinaire methods, proselytizing rhetoric, and sometimes abrasive personality do not obstruct a view of his art, nor his particular genius. The same can not be said of the official art world, and whatever the reasons may be, he is still waiting for a full-dress retrospective exhibition at one of the four major New York museums.

By way of enlarging Albers's reputation, two important books will soon be added to a steadily growing shelf of publications and collections of his graphic work. One in particular promises to be eye-catching and perhaps a crowning achievement in a long, distinguished history of printmaking. Albers has agreed to produce 150 sizable new silk-screen prints in a boxed portfolio for the publisher Harry Abrams, "re-creating" some abstract compositions and motifs that have been his favourites since the 'twenties, as a kind of portable gallery of his art. In addition, the photographer Hans Namuth has just released a brilliant, if uneven, film that vividly shows Albers in a number of familiar rôles and postures, expounding his colour theory, giving a painting demonstration, and crisply setting forth his philosophy. Since the mid-sixties when success first came to him in a significant fashion, he has been swamped by invitations to exhibit, particularly in Germany, which has now reclaimed him, and he has been offered public mural commissions around the world, most of which he rejects because extensive travelling no longer suits him.



SNOWDON

ALBERS, THE TEACHER

With his enormously expressive hands and gestures, his verbal mind, Josef Albers is a supremely gifted teacher. He described his art as "a formulation of seeing how colour acts, behaves with colour, form, quantity."

There is also a rising market for Albers's paintings, which are, paradoxically, more difficult to come by now even though they are underpriced by current art-market standards. While any comparisons of price as an index to artistic worth must be invidious, and a little odious, the ten thousand dollars that Albers's largest four-foot-square paintings now fetch does seem niggardly in these inflationary times. A recent Parke-Bernet auction knocked down a small de Kooning, albeit a brilliant one, at four times that sum, and a fair to middling early Warhol went for the astounding price of sixty thousand dollars at the same event. With a decidedly pixie streak, Albers has parlayed his less than equitable market position and great productivity into frustrations for collectors and an increasing demand for his work. He has for the moment withdrawn his paintings from his American and European dealers, refusing to sell even to the most devoted, attractive private collectors and institutions. Since his past income has been considerable, and he continues to produce and sell graphic art through his trusted collaborators, Ives-Sillman, he is in no immediate danger of impoverishment. In the meantime, he obviously enjoys the consternation of dealers and of the avid collecting public; the increasing interest his new rarity generates has gone a long way towards dispelling any lingering sense of grievance or neglect on his part.

Paying even less attention to the ways of the world now that it beats a path to his door, Albers gives himself increasingly to his work. He continues to lead the same rather isolated, monastic, conspicuously "bourgeois" existence he deliberately chose for himself many years ago. His "atelier" is the basement "family room" of a comfortable but austerely furnished row house on a pleasant, leafy street of suburban New Haven, Connecticut. He moved into his new house recently, after twenty years in a similar but somewhat smaller frame house in a less desirable neighbourhood. He and his wife of nearly fifty years, Anni, seem to take more interest in their efficient, automated kitchen than in any aspect of their living quarters other than their respective studios, where so much of their time is spent. Like a trim ship, the house seems stripped for action with all nonfunctional superfluities removed; it mirrors their life style, which is a mix of unworldliness and tough practicality. Anni is famous in her own right since the Bauhaus, and subsequently for transforming the handicraft of weaving into a distinctive and acceptable modern art form. Only recently she gave up her weaving, disposed of her looms, and is now building a promising new career as a printmaker. Childless, the Alberses are an affectionate, companionable couple whose main indulgence, besides collecting small pre-Columbian artifacts, is to spoil each other enough to be quite disarming together, as a team. For the visitors, it is immediately made clear that Josef is the reigning deity and master, but Anni's prints and the surviving examples of her weaving are also offered on the house tour and prove well worth more than a casual glance. It is Anni's firm hand that shapes her husband's schedule, jealously guards his privacy, and unobtrusively manages their life.

Albers works untiringly, with breaks only (Continued on page 126)

"HOMAGE TO THE SQUARE: SATURATED II"

This 1967 painting, four feet square, is one of the extraordinary series Albers has worked on for twenty years, carefully listing on the back of each painting the exact colours and brands used. From the collection of Conrad Janis, this painting is among those in the important and first major all-loan exhibition of many of the greatest Albers works gathered from all over the country; now in New York inaugurating the new headquarters of the Sidney Janis Gallery.

The beauty power of MOISTURE

The skin that's all wet is, apparently, all set

Every once in a while a new beauty word zooms to stardom, has its day, then quietly takes its place either as an enduring classic or as a fleeting fad. Moisturizing is different. It entered the firmament of beauty fashion many years ago, caught on instantly, and still seems to shine more brightly each moment—with promising plans for tomorrow.

Among the uniquities of moisture as a cosmetic is that nobody argues about it. Dermatologists, chemists, beauticians, makeup makers, makeup users—everybody agrees that moisture is what most skins are looking for more of, no matter their age or their address. Water content is vital to the fresh, healthy face. When nature shortchanges skin in the water department, cosmetic moisturizers pour into the breach. The moisturizer does what plain water can not. It is elegantly formulated not only to deliver extra moisture but to prevent its escape from the skin.

Now in their rôle as skin's guardian water sprite, moisturizers are joining forces with formerly single-minded products. Some cleansers moisturize as they clean, some fresheners as they rinse and tone. Sun lotions moisturize as a sideline. Bath oils and after-bath potions and moisturized colognes distribute the moisturizing wealth all over the body.

Moisturizers have infiltrated makeup; have in fact become a makeup accessory and extension. You wear a moisturizer under moisturized makeup to increase the affinity of the surface of the skin to the makeup so that the makeup slips on more smoothly, persists longer. Lipstick and foundation and eye shadow, in incorporating moisturizing ingredients, take on more than cover and colour value. Underneath the pretty décor there's sound skin "treatment" in process. . . . And now the word is that hair and nails want their share of moisture too. . . . Moisture power is beauty power.

How exactly do moisturizers work? And what indeed is a moisturizer? A leading dermatologist put it this way. A moisturizer is anything that increases the water content of the outer layer of the skin. It can accomplish this in two ways: either by adding extra water to the skin—or by preventing existing moisture from escaping. Most sophisticated creams and lotions today do both. They toss in fresh moisture and lock the door.

What does a moisturizer do to a skin visually? Moisture is a plasticizer, the doctor explained. It smooths and plumps skin surface by equalizing its parts. Most moisturizing emulsions put a film of oil on the skin that obscures minute textural flaws, fills in the gaps, stops the scattering of light. Moisturizing improves the slip and feel of the skin, too. . . . Any moisture enhances softness and flexibility. "I can show you a piece of epidermis—all dried out and cracked. Suspend the same piece in water and see how supple it turns."

Will added moisture prevent wrinkles? Superficial wrinkles, yes—like the small lines that come with sunburn.

What is the difference between moisturizer and emollient? A moisturizer, by classic definition, adds moisture to the skin. An emollient, by ditto, lubricates. Since lubrication usually traps moisture in the skin, it's hard to be an emollient without being a moisturizer. But it's quite possible to be a moisturizer and not be an emollient. . . . Water is a moisturizer, but has no emollient characteristics. . . . Petroleum jelly and olive oil are emollients. They have no water in them, but since they prevent water loss, they have moisturizing characteristics. . . . The modern moisturizing creams and lotions are elegant blends of classic moisturizer and classic emollient, perform the same feat much more pleasantly and efficiently.

What's the ideal time to apply a moisturizer? Right after you've washed your face or taken a bath. Even after you've towel-dried, your skin retains moisture, and that's the best time to seal it in. (Continued on page 123)

How do you dew?

Dreaming of a dewy complexion that blooms in the smog? Possible now, in the age of ecology, with Directionale, Elizabeth Arden's brilliant new line of skin-compatibles—everything to improve and pamper, plus makeup masterminded by Arden's superstar, Pablo . . . all with built-in moisturizer, all chemically balanced in your favour to wage a thoroughly scientific pH battle against pollutants inside and out. Follow Directionale. (Choker by Carol Sloan for Dakota Transit.)

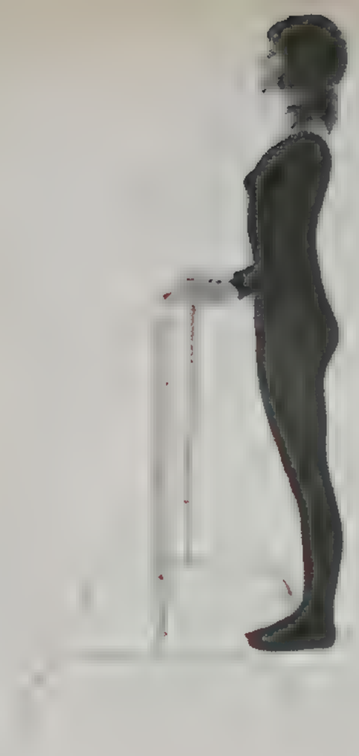
JP ZACHARIASON



The unexpected wit of tiger's-eye, coral, pearls, lapis lazuli, gold—five smashing ropes of jewels by Van Cleef & Arpels. More colour wound into headbands, lighting a face touched here by the genius of Aziza's sheer and versatile makeup. . . .That's her cachet, her individuality showing . . . and nowhere more brilliantly than in the air around her which sends out her special message with a many-faceted new perfume: Prince Matchabelli's rivetting Cachet, so named because it works differently for every woman, as if it were expressly distilled just for her. Touché, Cachet. . . . (Bergdorf Goodman.) Dress and scarfs by Maxime de la Falaise for Blousecraft. (Bonwit Teller.) Coif by Ara Gallant.

Everything's peachy for the complexion that thrives on Regime, Germaine Monteil's new skin-care program based on gels. Shimmery peach-tinted gels to cleanse, tone, moisturize A.M. to P.M., all scented with what may be the most refreshing citrus-tangy fragrance ever.

AVEDON



1



2



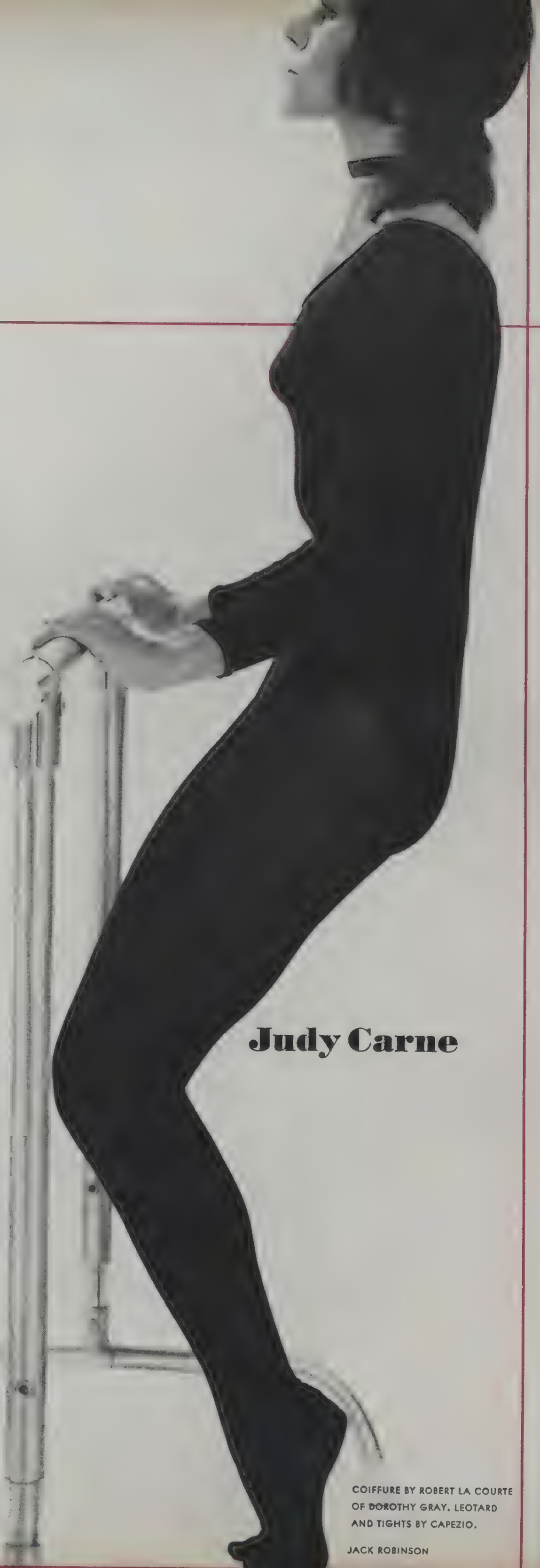
3



4

Plié/Relevés

How they are done: Turned in and turned out, in the first, second, and fourth positions—in that order, alternating legs forward in fourth. Do each one four times. **What they do:** The turn-in works the muscle under the buttocks (an early sagger, as you can see on any beach), and the front of the thighs. The turn-out works the high inside-thigh muscle. The plié itself is also a stretch for the Achilles tendon and calf muscle. **Exercise: 1.** Stand in first position, turned in—feet together, buttocks and lower stomach tight. **2.** Plié—press into floor, straight down, don't lean back or forward (buttocks should be gripped but not tucked under so you tilt), keep weight over big and second toes. Be aware of slight feeling of resistance to floor, pushing from heel into toe so that you have a holding area in the floor. You are not collapsing into the floor—a plié is not a "sit" position. Always plié as deep as you can without lifting your heels. You should feel a constant holding strength in the front of the leg, at the top of the thigh. **3.** Relevé—lift heels off floor, stand on toes, pressing into toes and keeping level, keep knees at same level. **4.** Straighten knees up high as you can go, weight still over big and second toes, buttocks tight, heels together, ankles and inner knees slightly toward each other. Always bring yourself up as high as you can go on your toes—this creates the length you're working for and puts all the muscles from the tip of the toe straight through to the top at their fullest working capacity. Feel the holding strength of the inner thigh. You're now in one straight line; be aware that when you straighten knees, heels stay as high as they were. **5.** Come down with straight knees to first position, ready to begin again. If you feel you're leaning back as you come down, you're doing it wrong—to correct, grip buttocks harder, this helps force you forward. The entire exercise is done to a count of four—plié, relevé, straighten and down. Note: In the turn-out position don't exaggerate, turn out only as much as is comfortable. If heels are slightly apart in first position it's O.K. As you straighten in this position feel the controlled tension in your thighs, try to push muscles at top of thighs together. In second position, turned out, keep knees directly over big and second toes. In fourth position, turned out, feel weight absolutely centred. It is vital to keep knees straight when you come down to increase tension on inner thighs, particularly ir turn-out when tendency is to bend knees.



Judy Carne

COIFFURE BY ROBERT LA COURTE OF DOROTHY GRAY. LEOTARD AND TIGHTS BY CAPEZIO.

JACK ROBINSON



Foot positions Left to right—First position, turned in: feet together, straight ahead. First position, turned out: heels together, feet turned out. Second position, turned in: feet apart (about 12"), straight ahead. Second position, turned out: feet apart, turned out. Fourth position, turned in: one foot in front of the other (in walking line), straight ahead. Fourth position, turned out: one foot in front of the other, turned out.

LEGSERCISES

New shape-up routine: A special series of exercises put together for Vogue by Frank Wagner—choreographer and dance teacher—from routines he uses in his modern jazz classes at the International Dance School. Putting them perfectly together here, limber, ballet-trained Judy Carne, the "Laugh-In" sock-it to-me girl, now playing the night spots, soon to be seen on screen in *All The Right Noises*. To start you off best-foot-forward we purloined this advice from the **Diary of a Mad Exercieser:** Legs will be seen. That's why I'm putting this all down. Look at the girl in the slit skirt, the tights, in the slit coat over leotards, the little slit dresses. Remember: legs aren't hidden by long skirts, they are seen through all sorts of openings—slits to the thigh, buttons that unbutton, zips that unzip—whatever. When you walk in these skirts, or when you sit, the fabric falls back from the opening, the leg comes through and the thigh is revealed. *And it has all got to look great.* No slack, no waddle on the inner thigh. Everything must be perfection—not just the look of the leg, it's vital that the body be lifted and held in such a way that the weight is taken off the legs and they are free to move right out from the hip. **As for the exercises:** Their primary object is to shape up the legs, to strengthen them, to tighten the thigh muscles, to make you aware of your legs. But feet and ankles and the entire body are worked throughout. The point is: While a concentration on the parts is essential, you are basically always working for the whole—the line from toe to head, a thin, lithe, active line, a prideful carriage. Not round-shouldered or slouched. Not slung forward or backward, but perfectly aligned. *You should feel suspended* from the base of the spine, straight up through the back of the neck and the back of the head. This automatically pulls the neck long, relaxes the shoulders down. You're erect, but very slightly forward. Never backward; *anything backward is passive, withdrawn.* Forward is always active—you look as though you have a direction and you're going to it. There is a magnetism about this carriage, it commands attention. **The basic body position**—for these exercises, for life, is: Stand straight, weight slightly forward over the big and second toes. Buttocks in line, i.e., pressed together, tucked under and around like the two parts of a rotary egg beater meshed together. Lower stomach tight, pelvis tight, riding centre and flat, *feel as if you're strung in on either side* and not tipping forward or back, or (Continued on page 123)

More legsercises, next page



1, 6



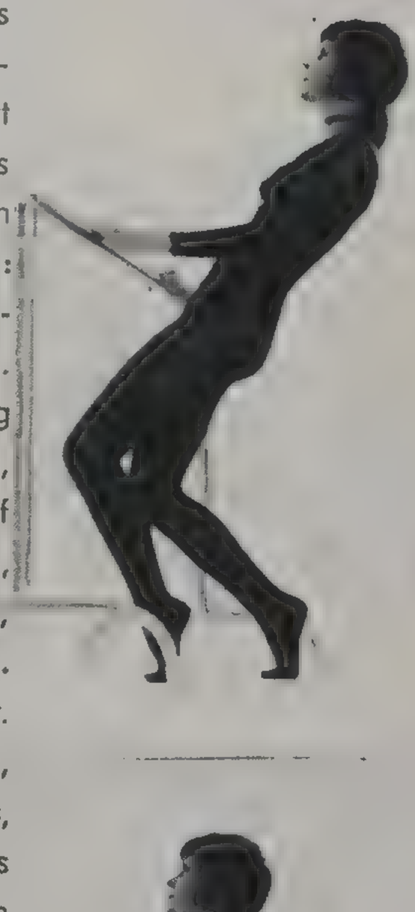
2, 5



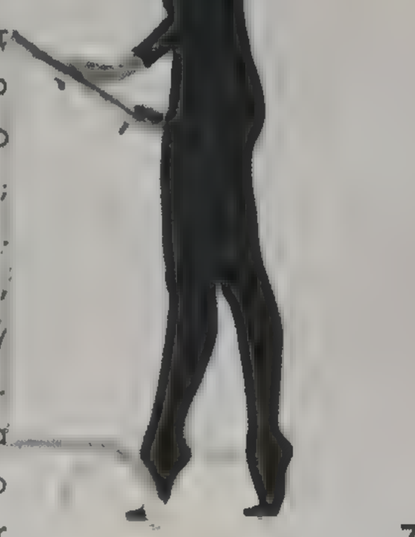
3

The Pull-through

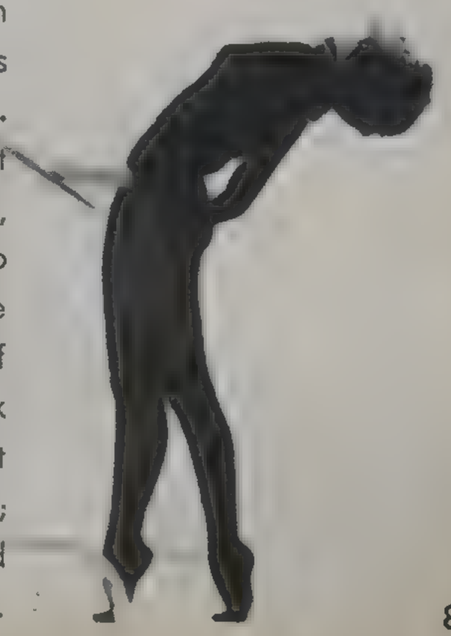
How it's done: In the first, second, and fourth positions—in that order, but in the turn-in only (turn-out would hurt knees), and alternating legs forward in fourth. Do each one four times. **What it does:** Exercise thighs—inside, outside, up, down, all around. They are the holding strength and, with buttocks, take all weight and strain off knees. The fourth position, the last and most difficult, is shown here. **Exercise: 1.** Starting position, heels flat. **2.** Plié—press directly down, dead centre, to eight counts, with heels flat until there is a good tension hold in thigh (feel the pull on back leg), then lightly pulse (bounce) for eight counts. **3.** Heels still flat, grip buttocks under and pull pelvis through—top torso slightly back—into slash position to four counts; tighten buttocks as you pull. No feeling of arch to back, shoulders contracted slightly forward, no tension in neck. **4.** Relevé and plié down a little more to full slash to four counts and pulse for eight. **5.** Release buttocks back to position 2, bring heels down flat to count of four. **6.** Push up to position 1 to count of four, lock knees on four. **7.** Relevé up. **8.** Lift top torso up and pull out at waist, knees straight, lower stomach tight. Grip buttocks forward to release back and arch to count of eight. Let head and neck flow into a long line. **9.** Lift up straight, high as you can; feel you're being pulled straight through the ceiling. **10.** Plié, finish in position 1.



4



7, 9



8



1



2



3



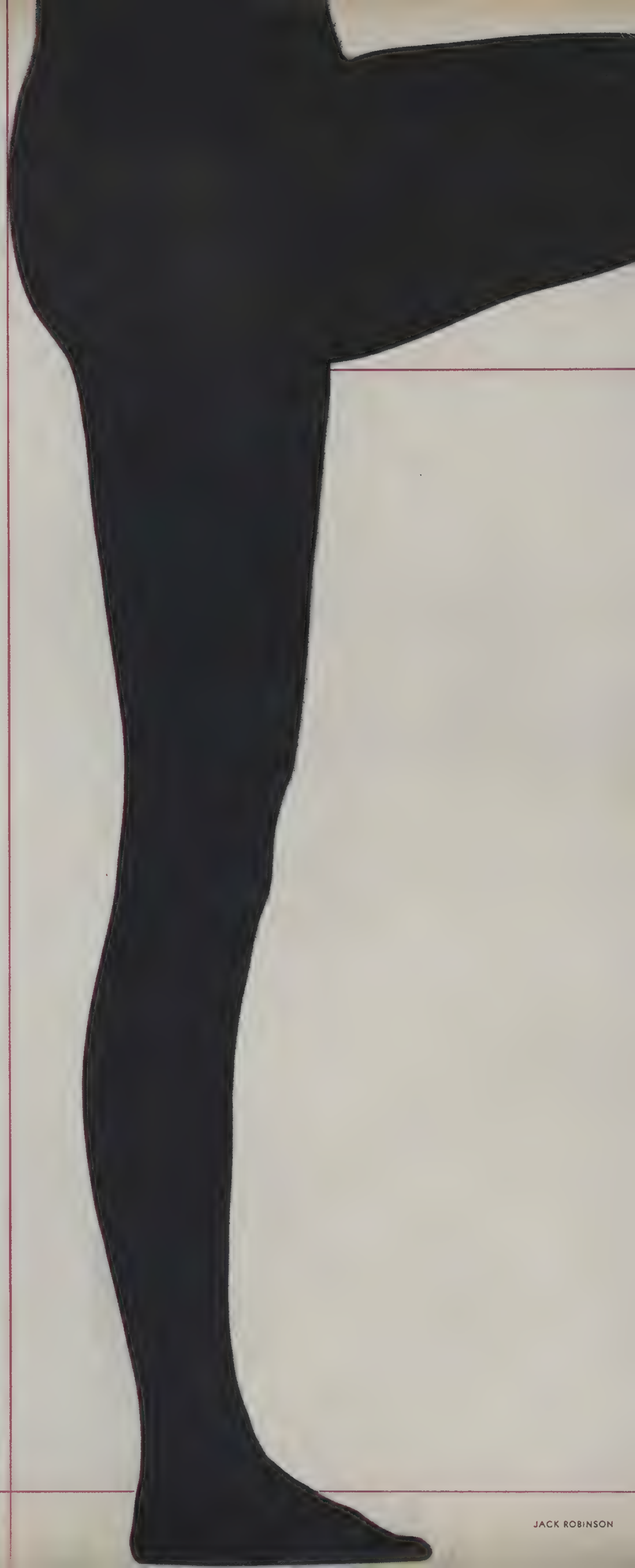
4

Flat Extensions

How they are done: In the first position, turned in only, and in this exercise the arm follows the leg, the hand follows the foot. Do four times each leg. **What they do:** They are designed to work the top of the thigh; and the flex at the end of the exercise works into the calf. **Exercise: 1.** Starting position: feet together, straight ahead, and flat to the ground. **2.** To a count of four, bring left leg, foot pointed, up along the inner seam of the right leg to the knee (this is called a square passé). The arm comes up with the leg and follows the same direction. **3.** To a count of four, extend leg, foot pointed. As leg extends forward, arm opens to side. What you are working for ideally here is a 90° angle of the leg. When you extend, feel that you *hold*, i.e., your holding strength is *under* the leg and thigh. **4.** Flex foot and wrist, lift both a little higher four times. **5.** Lower foot and arm, pointing foot as it touches floor, plié and bring leg up again into square passé (illustration 2), ready to begin again. Note that the plié is important here to relax the leg a little.

Relevé Extensions

(not shown). This exercise goes exactly like the one above, the difference being that it is done on your toes. You must keep the supporting leg even tighter now, locked at the knee, in order to hold the relevé without wobbling. It is important in flat extensions (and the point/lift exercise which follows) to keep feet straight ahead.



LEGSERCISES



3



1



2, 4



5

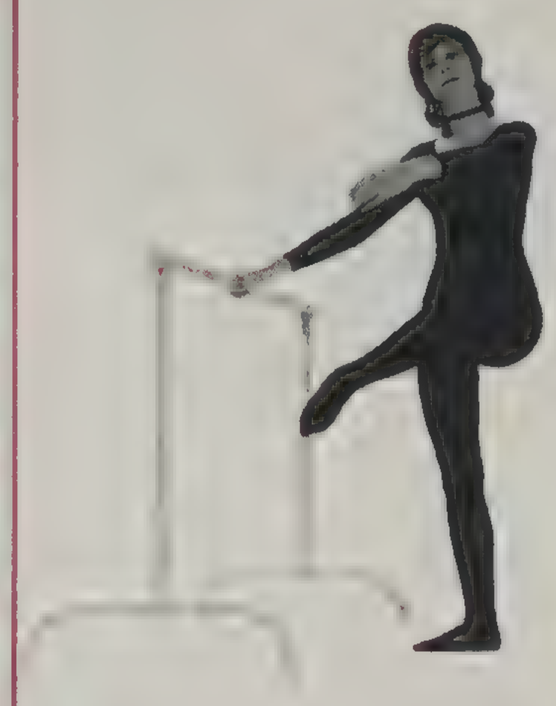
Point/Lifts
How they are done: In the first position, turned in only, doing four lifts with each leg. **What they do:** work both front and back of the thigh. **Exercise: 1.** Start with feet together, straight ahead, supporting leg *tight*. **2.** Point foot forward. **3.** Lift foot up, straight ahead, to the highest position you can and still hold it without losing control of the leg. Lift from under the buttocks, keep supporting leg tight. Don't let top torso tilt back. **4.** Return foot to floor as in position 2. **5.** Plié and return to start. Do exercise to a count of four.

Straight Kicks (not shown) are done in the same position, same way, as the point/lifts but *eight* kicks for each leg; they also work both front and back of thigh. The essential difference between the two exercises is that the point/lift is a position you can hold and the straight kick can't be held, it goes beyond the position that is held naturally, although the supporting leg is always tight.

Square Swings (not shown) are done in the first position, turned in—exactly as the point/lifts and straight kicks. Do them at this point to relax your body after the extensions, lifts, and kicks. Swing leg straight forward and back, foot relaxed, eight times each leg. When you swing back, let leg and foot flop completely free. Maintain torso straight up, don't buckle, keep square, don't let leg turn out behind. The knee should be bent, legs relaxed. The holding strength is in the supporting leg and top torso.



1



2



3

Circle Swings
How they are done: They are divided into three parts, all done in the second position, turned out. **What they do:** They work the entire thigh, and they are killers! Be aware that the pelvis must stay in a flat position facing front. Do not turn hip in or out, the leg does all the work. **Exercise, Part I: 1.** Point in second, arm follows to side. **2.** Arm and leg swing in, brush foot to floor, brush in **3.** Brush out, knee bent, high as you can go. As the foot brushes the floor the point relaxes, the minute the foot comes off the floor the point takes over again, so the foot is not just hanging and the muscles are working. The arm always follows the leg—in to the front, then out to the side. Do this part, in and out, to a count of eight with each leg. **Part II:** Brush in, brush out, brush in and make full circle with leg, ending at in-position, then reverse: brush out, brush in, brush out, circle and end in out-position, all to a count of eight. Repeat in both directions to a count of eight with other leg. Remember the arm always follows the line of the leg. The shoulder is always completely relaxed—it is not involved when you move. **Part III:** Now go right into full circles, starting and ending at the "in" position. Do to a count of eight with each leg. Remember always to "breathe" your arm up as the leg moves out. Circles and swings are just what they say—a flowing, continuous movement. This is the one exercise that can be done to a waltz.

new hope for treatment avoid the surgery

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Cope is a world-famous surgeon, now emeritus professor of surgery at the Harvard Medical School and a member of the board of consultation at Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital where he was acting chief of surgical services before his retirement in 1969. This year The Student American Medical Association established the Oliver Cope–Ward Darley Lecture in Medical Education in honour of both men. The author of numerous articles, Dr. Cope has written three books of which the latest is* Man, Mind and Medicine. *Because of his study and concern with diseases of the breast, he has remained in private practice. Another version of this article appeared in the* Radcliffe Quarterly.

In May, 1958, a physician called and asked me to come immediately to his office to see a patient with a lump in her breast. He had arranged for her to enter the hospital the following day under the care of a well-known cancer surgeon, but at lunchtime she had dismissed him and was now asking for me. Would I please take care of her?

The patient was the widow of one of my teachers of medicine. As a medical student, I had been to her house for dinner. As a young surgeon, I had set her broken wrist. I was flattered that she should ask for me, but surprised and puzzled for I knew nothing special about cancer of the breast.

There was, indeed, a lump in one of her breasts that felt as if it were malignant. Not knowing why she had dismissed the other surgeon, I was wary in what I said. I began by reminding her that I was not sure about the nature of the lump, and that as the first step she should have a biopsy to establish its identity. I told her that we did not need to go beyond a biopsy until we had a chance to consult with each other. She agreed.

When I saw her alone at the hospital the next day, she said, "I expect you are surprised that I have asked you to care for me. I first noticed the lump in my breast several months ago. It has been slowly increasing in size. I had decided that I would do nothing about it and accept the consequences. But, recently my arthritis flared up and I had to see my physician. I did not tell him about the lump; but he, of course, found it. As I expected, he insisted that I be operated upon, and the surgeon he first chose for me unequivocally advised that I have my breast removed.

"It may seem strange to you, but I have a horror of losing my breast. I am sixty-two, my husband is dead, and I have no thought of marrying again. However, I am still horrified by the thought of losing my breast, and I asked for you because I thought you might help me find a way to keep it."

I examined her again. The mass was large. Above the breast, under the fold of her pectoral muscles, was a smaller lump consistent with spread of cancer into the nearby lymph nodes of the axilla. Together, these two masses meant that the growth was already advanced, and, according to the criteria of the day, even radical surgery would probably only delay, not cure, the disease.

At this point, I recalled that two years before another woman in her sixties had consulted me about a lump in her breast. The lump had been a small one with a good outlook if treated by the traditional surgical operation. She had refused, however, to have her breast removed. In view of her refusal, I had asked Dr. Laurence Robbins, chief of the radiology department at Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital, to treat her by radiation. She was well and free of evidence of any residual cancer now at the time of this current patient.

I told my teacher's widow that I would ask Dr. Robbins to treat her with radiation if the lump proved to be malignant, as indeed it did. I also followed my promise to her to remove only the lump and not the breast. Her physician was very upset when I did not do the traditional mastectomy; and her son-in-law, also a physician, was outraged at my neglect.

After radiation of the breast and adjacent areas, the secondary lump melted away, and my patient was remarkably well for the next six years. Then suddenly she felt poorly, lost strength and weight, and died within a month at the age of sixty-eight. An autopsy revealed that no cancer cells were within the breast or the lymph nodes in the axilla, showing that the radiation had been successful in these irradiated areas. Cancer cells, however, were widely distributed throughout her body, having escaped from the area of the breast either before or during the treatment.

Was our patient properly treated, or was she neglected? Did the radiation do all that surgery could have done, or should a way have been found to convince her to accept that radical operation? Was the program of radiation as good as it could have been? To answer these questions, let us look first at what was understood about the disease in 1958 and, second, at what has subsequently come to light.

In 1958, there was a restive feeling in the air that doctors did not know as much about breast cancer as they could were they to look more closely; that surgical treatment had not been as effective as originally hoped; and that modern radiation therapy was taking giant strides. Some important things, of course, were well understood. It was appreciated that there were many varieties of cancerous tumors. Some few were sluggish in growth and confined to the breast; surgery could eliminate these. Others were rapidly growing and intensely malignant; their cells spread early and widely. For these, surgery was generally hopeless. The majority of breast tumors lay between these extremes. It was in this big group that there could be a difference of opinion about treatment. Our patient had one of this middle group, more to the rapidly growing side.

It was also known that, in both the middle group and in rapidly growing tumors, cells spread from the primary growth out of the breast through the lymphatic channels. It was believed in May, 1958, that the most important of these channels, indeed the only significant one, led to the nodes (sieves of the lymphatic system) of the axilla (armpit).

of breast cancer to *all women fear*

BY OLIVER COPE, M.D.

It was on the basis of this information that Dr. S. Halsted, professor of surgery at Johns Hopkins University, saw that any operation must resect not only the breast but also the axillary nodes. His operation, the so-called radical mastectomy (surgical removal of the breast, axilla, and chest muscles), was standard by 1910 and has been the procedure of choice ever since. Unfortunately, despite many efforts to improve the operation technically, the survival rates were little better than those following the simple mastectomy (surgical removal of the breast alone), the operation preferred before 1910.

The disappointing results from the radical mastectomy also led to trials of radiation as an adjunct to operation. In the 1930's and 1940's, both simple and radical mastectomies were supplemented by various forms of radiation, given either before or after the surgery. These, too, led to little improvement in the results.

The most important bit of understanding available to us in 1958 was that the rays of the new high-voltage, high-energy, two-million-volt X-ray machine were far better suited to destroy deep-lying cancer cells than those of the older 150-thousand-volt machine.

From 1948 to 1956, approximately eighty patients with advanced cancer of the breast had been treated by Dr. Robbins and his associates under the two-million-volt machine at Massachusetts General Hospital. The cancer of each of these patients was so advanced when they first were seen that little hope was to be expected from operation. Relief of the local discomfort from the tumor was all that could be hoped for. Under the high-energy radiation, primary tumors and the spread into the axillary lymph nodes melted away, thus proving the effectiveness of the rays. It was not a colossal step from this experience for Dr. Robbins to realize that a small, early tumor should also melt away under the same ray. The possibility of a therapy, an alternative to surgery, could be seen.

Since 1958, much new knowledge bearing upon our problem has come to light. Due to the inquisitive interest of a handful of surgeons and pathologists, bit by bit we have come to understand more of how cancer of the breast spreads and why the traditional radical operation is not more effective. First of all, a logical explanation has been found why some patients whose tumor was small and whose prognosis seemed to be excellent at the time of mastectomy succumbed to the disease within a few months or a year or two. In such cases, the tumor can now be seen by the alert pathologist to be invading directly into the veins. The spread to distant organs, therefore, had taken place by the time the operation was performed. In these patients, too, radiation would not have succeeded any better than operation. It was too late.

The second finding is the appreciation of the wider dissemination of the cancer cells in the lymphatic system. In the majority of patients having this type of spread, the cells pass along the lymphatic vessels to the lymph nodes within the chest as well as to those in the axilla. Pathways lead to the nodes beneath the sternum and along the rib cage posteriorly to the nodes beside the upper spine. Dr. Robbins and I did not know of these alternate lymph pathways when we treated our first two patients.

It was Dr. J. A. Urban of New York who was, in large part, responsible for understanding the importance of the so-called internal mammary nodes beneath the sternum; and for this he deserves great credit. It is a travesty of communications that these lymph pathways were described in 1932 by Henri Rouvière, a French anatomist, in a book on the lymphatics in human beings. His book, of which the description of the breast was only a part, was translated into English and published six years later by a little-known publisher in the United States. Rouvière pointed out the additional pathways leading both front and back along the ribs to nodes far out of reach of the surgeon. It is now obvious that if cells have escaped from the breast into the lymph nodes within the chest cavity, either front or back, there is no use in removing those in the axilla while the ones inside are left behind. Sooner or later the cells in these neglected nodes pass into the general circulation and to such distant organs as the lungs, liver, and bones.

It is altogether probable that in our patient treated in 1958 the lymph nodes within the chest cavity were as involved as those in the axilla. If that were true, then for the six-year period in which she felt so well the cells remained within the confines of the nodes, only to escape ultimately into the general circulation, bringing about her prompt decline. Unfortunately, the pathologist at autopsy did not observe whether the lymph nodes beneath the sternum or along the spine had been involved. (His mind had not been alerted to the importance of this question.) Thus, we do not know whether the outcome would have been different had we irradiated these nodes within the chest cavity back in 1958. We only know from the autopsy that the X-rays had effectively eradicated the cancer cells left within the residual breast and within the nodes of the axilla.

There has been progress also in radiation therapy. When the decision was made to treat our first two patients in 1956 and 1958, we were unaware that in 1954 Sakari Mustakallio of Helsinki, Finland, had reported the radiation treatment of one hundred patients with breast cancer. This is the first publication of radiation as the sole, or definitive, treatment. His patients had also refused to have their breasts removed surgically. The results proved the equal of the radical operation in other patients.

Since 1958 the radiotherapists of Europe, England, and Canada have continued to explore the usefulness of radiation as the definitive treatment. In 1960, F. Baclesse, from Paris, reported rediation as the sole treatment in one hundred patients who, too, refused to have their breasts removed. His results, like those of Mustakallio, were the equal of the surgeon's radical mastectomy. Neither Mustakallio nor Baclesse radiated all of the nodal areas described by Rouvière. Mustakallio treated none of the nodes within the chest; Baclesse treated those in front but not those in back.

In the Scandinavian countries, Scotland, (Continued on page 124)



CARDIN

This under all—the
knit leotard, going
from toes to
turtleneck
...the put-together
for some of the best
looks going—leather vests...
tunics...jumpers...slit coats...
belts...jewels...midiskirts...
slashed pants...boots

Under and under it goes, under everything in Cardin's collection: the ribby wool knit leotard. At left, it underplays shining steel jewels hung from a thong at the waist, shining black gloves, shining black boots. Gloves by Cardin. At right, it gets another brilliant look underway —free-form colour making a bold break on black fleece midiskirts. Petillault fabric. Skirts, to order at Bonwit Teller. Buscarlet gloves. Both pages: belts and boots by Cardin.



PENN



SAINT LAURENT

Tunics belted over britches . . . peasant shirts wrapped by suède . . . soft, soft fabrics falling against the bosom, moving with the legs . . . butterflies, dog collars, wide belts . . . and, on every leg, a boot.

Famille-noire velvet britches, left, more lavish with butterflies and blossoms than the porcelain perfection—with a belted jade-green satin tunic that runs from purple to magenta along the sleeves. Abraham satin. Turnout, to order at I. Magnin. Makeup by Gil of Max Factor. Tovar-Tresses hairpiece.

Black peasant shirt in wool no heavier than voile, right, and a wrapped black suède skirt outward bound in thick black calf—a great way to look day or night with booted shining legs. To order at I. Magnin. Saint Laurent dog collar and appliquéd belt. On both pages: boots by Saint Laurent; coiffures by Alexandre.

DAVID BAILEY





LOOKS THAT GET IT ALL TOGETHER

furs and prints and suits
that swing...
looks you'll love...like
the great new
turnouts with pants falling
lightly as a sleeve
on the leg

PENATI



The best-looking pants, left, fall just below the calf, straight and easy as a sleeve. These in black wool over slick black boots, with a short belted jacket, crisp white shirt, black tie. Woolmark turnout by Frank Masandrea for Modelia; Anglo Fabrics. About $185. Bonwit Teller; Rike's; Sanger-Harris. Shirt: Brooks Brothers. Guia belt. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Latinas boots.
Put a short little weskit over your pants, above: lace up a wide leather belt, and you're really getting it together. Navy wool Melton cloth turnout, with a white wool turtleneck—the collar pulls up like a hood. Günter for Project 2. About $130. Altman's; Hudson's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; Frost Bros. Belt: Valerie. Sheffield watch. Boots: Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffures, these twelve pages: François of Kenneth.



ALL TOGETHER-
the great colour-crash of print and pattern for coats and dresses

Vivid Persian print, left, design . . . design . . . design in shades of red, yellow, and black—a wonderful narrow coat held fast by a snakeskin belt. By Bill Blass, of Ducharne wool and nylon. Late October at Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Herbert Levine Burgundy suède boots. Coiffure by François of Kenneth. *Whole-earth colours,* right, on a brilliant mididirndl—bright-blue satin shirt-top with a fringed claret suède bolero, and the bounciest skirt in bright-blue-Burgundy-brown wool challis—and it's all shined up with gold taping. Dress by Bill Gibb at Baccarat; Liberty of London print by Bernard Nevill. Rings by Jeanne Peral. Bright little flower patterns painted on the face and leg by Gil of Max Factor. Coiffure by Alexandre.





FUR-TRIMMED FUR IS REALLY TOGETHER–

mix-of-fox coat, mink-and-sable cape

Foxy luxe-y, left: marvellous fur coat, held close to the body then widening to the boot tops. Of blue fox paws with a fluffy blue fox border. By Fernando Sanchez for Revillon; natural Norwegian blue fox. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Turtleneck by Korrigan. Fringed gloves by Aris. Violet suède boots from Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue. *Little mink riding hood*, right: one of the happiest, most delicious capes anywhere, hemmed in Russian sable tails. By Chester Weinberg, at Revillon, of "Blackglama," natural dark ranch mink. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Suède pants: Buckroe Country by Steve Saunders. Laced purple suède boots by Palmroth of Finland, at I. Miller.





PUT IT ALL TOGETHER *in black*

VOGUE PATTERN 7921

PENATI



Left: Shiny black satin—the narrowest coat, wrapped and tied like a man's bathrobe. Gleamy here against a bright white stock and black satin boots. Vogue Pattern 7921. Fabric by Cohama, of Qiana. At Altman's; Kaufmann's; Frederick & Nelson. *Right:* Super black knit poncho hemmed in a flurry of vivid little feathers—and everything swings over matching black pants. Poncho: Vogue Pattern 7864. Pants: Vogue Pattern 7578. Both of Qiana, by American Silk Mills. At Macy's; Joseph Horne; Higbee's. Chokers by Laura Torbet, Robert Maplethorpe. Boots, both pages: to order, Battani Boutique. Pattern details, page 128.

VOGUE PATTERNS

VOGUE PATTERN 7864
VOGUE PATTERN 7578

VERY
TOGETHER–
the good grey suit with
the small waist-length
jacket, slit midi

PENATI



This is it, far left, the suit that hits right now—in grey flannel with a short, open-collared jacket buttoned at the waist, and slashed midiskirt. A woolmark suit by Originala; French River Mills fabric. Bonwit Teller. Judy Bond shirt, of Dacron and cotton (Klopman fabric). Mr. John hat. Tie by Barra of Italy. Aris gloves. Tights by Chadbourn. Boots by Palmroth of Finland. *Deep-pleated midisuit,* left—plenty of action at the hem and buttons to turn loose all the way for plenty of leg room. Grey wool knit, with a short jacket, silk print shirt. Originala suit. At Bonwit Teller. Madonna shirt. Tie by Elegant. Fringy gloves: Aris, Boots at Saks Fifth Avenue. *Everything unbuttons!* right—the sharp little battle jacket opens over a checked silk shirt; the midi opens over printed tights, laced suède boots. Grey wool suit by Calvin Klein; Stevens Forstmann fabric, knitted in America. About $165. At Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Magnin. Madonna shirt. Mr. John hat. Choker by Pablo and Delia. Gloves by Aris. Tights at Boutique Valentino. Laced boots by Moya Bowler for Jerry Edouard.



MINK IS TOGETHER– *wonderful coats, slit and wrapped*

The mink splits, above, with a slash straight down the back—the skirt swings and your legs flash. Double-breasted coat with a wide notched collar, small belted waist. Designed by The Brothers Christie, of "Lunaraine," Emba natural demi-buff mink. At J.P. Allen; Swanson's; Bullock's Wilshire. Belt by Geoffrey Paul. Watch by Sheffield. Gloves by Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb. Burgundy suède boots, here and opposite, by Palmroth of Finland. *Mink of a different stripe,* right—dyed a rich, warm vicuña colour. Terrific look wrapped over a violet turtleneck, with suède boots. Reiss & Fabrizio coat, of dyed "Jasmine," Emba white mink. Pink silk scarf by Emily Wetherby, lashed over a snakeskin belt (Geoffrey Paul). Gloves by Van Raalte. Purple suède pants: Buckroe Country by Steve Saunders.



PENATI

beautiful people in

1

Ah, those super sunspectacles. . . . Imagine anybody without them on a Barbados beach or Gstaad ski slope. . . . It would be tantamount to sending engraved invitations to all those little lines that can engrave the face from glare-glowering . . . or being without them in eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation with the world on one of those mornings when you're hung out and strung out—or just at large in a great urban smogdom. . . . Great sportsmen, celebrities, and just plain divine-looking people, from Greta Garbo to Gloria Steinem, have always used gorgeous glasses as a fashion trademark. The splendid Sicilian Maria Lucrezia Majorana della Nicchiara, **1,** uses them to colour her everyday world. Her goggle glazers, by Vittorio La Barbera of Rome. Lady Jackie Rufus Isaacs, Miss Liese Wolsey, **2,** do the great Garbo disguise bit in classic dark shades by Oliver Goldsmith and broad-brimmed hats (Jackie's by Mr. Fish, Liese's by Herbert Johnson). **3.** Italian television star Massimo Serato sports glasses by Piave for Mila Schön. British star Suzy Kendall, **4,** flirts around square frames from Dior. French actress Claudine Auger, **5,** does her own thing radiating quiet confidence behind her Piaves. **6.** Signora Lucilla Capporani sparkles plenty behind Piave lenses of the lightest, most subtle tints. Film star Gabriele Tinti, **7,** uses his Piaves as a versatile put-on . . . lets them go to his head . . . or his hat (by Remo Argenti, Rome).

2

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELISABETTA CATALANO, PATRICK LICHFIELD

sunglasses



3



5

4

6

7

Walkaway winners from London



Just the ticket to London's smasheroo
ready-to-wear—eight pages
of great new looks that should be hitting
these shores right about now...
the kind of fashion any girl
on any shore would love to wear.
Bead game, this page: beady white diamonds
spaced out on a black silk chiffon dress with a
wide beaded belt, skirt that floats open
over black chiffon pants. By Thea Porter. Henri
Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Boots by Deliss.
Coiffure by Herta and Manfred of Vidal Sassoon.
Pale, pale suède, far right, patchworked
into a soft little dress banded in grey-blue
lizard with quite a plunge at the neck...
a broad-brimmed black velours hat. By Bill Gibb
at Baccarat. Hat by Herbert Johnson.
Boots at Russell & Bromley, London.

PATRICK LICHFIELD



London's winners– out and about

Culottes and a cossack tunic, this page, of soft, gleamy black satin stitched in red—tied at the neck, snugged at the waist, ruffled at the wrists . . . a smash any time. Turnout by Jean Muir.
At Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. Laced black satin shoes by Christian Dior.
Suède tunic and pleats, above right: buttery beige suède banded and belted over a deep-red felt skirt that moves smoothly in pleats.
By Jean Muir. At Henri Bendel; I. Magnin.
Scarf from Mr. Fish. Shoulderbag by Nigel Lofthouse for Jean Muir. Coiffures, here and left: Herta and Manfred of Vidal Sassoon.
Pick of prints, far right: a delicious little dress in three different jersey prints all blooming together in the field—a mix of black, white, pink, and green with a deep plunging neck, billowy cuffed sleeves. By Quorum. At Henri Bendel. Black velours trilby: Malyard of London, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

PATRICK LICHFIELD



London's whirlaway winners

Sail on, golden girl, this page: a swirling circular skirt of golden-printed pleated satin, and a little golden quilted jacket— quilting very in now; tiny pink bodice, long ripple of peplum. By Zandra Rhodes. At Henri Bendel; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

Pleats and plumage, right: palest pink quilted pongee jacket preened with bright pink and taupe feathers... dizzy pleated skirt of pink-printed satin... and smashing black lizard boots. Turnout by Zandra Rhodes. At Henri Bendel; I. Magnin.

Both pages: chokers by Rene; boots by Deliss. Coiffures by Herta and Manfred of Vidal Sassoon.

PATRICK CHARLD





Hylette Adolphe

London's walkaway winners

Hylette Adolphe, this page, pure deliciousness in *Fellini Satyricon,* twirls in a swirl of pale pink-blue-and-yellow chiffon—a high-waisted dress with a royal-blue satin yoke, a second skirt of green chiffon with a shredded hem. By Zandra Rhodes. At Henri Bendel; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Beaded choker by Bibette, from Thea Porter. Coiffure by Celine of Leonards. **Elizabeth Spender,** opposite page, Stephen Spender's twenty-year-old daughter, wears a dark wool Paisley mididress with red snakeskin yoke and armbands, a little leather-and-silver Turkish bag worn like a bandolier. She's tucked under an arch of Sissinghurst Castle in Kent, where Harold Nicolson and Victoria Sackville-West lived. Dress by Thea Porter. At Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. Bag from Thea Porter, London. Rings by Kenneth Lane. Coiffure by Oliver of Leonards.

PATRICK LICHFIELD


Elizabeth Spender

NORMAN PARKINSON

Vogue's choice

Ideas for your house—practical, wonderful, amusing

Starting here, an eight-page scrapbook for houses . . . everything available in the U.S. now. All addresses are in New York.

1. French artist François Xavier Lalanne's fantasy Chat Bar sculptured in sheet brass. To order, Alexander Iolas Gallery, 15 E. 55th St. **2.** *Geometrics:* Breakfast or coffee demitasse set by Ginori. Tiffany, $75. **3.** *Ribbon geometrics:* Lacquer tray. $85. Boutique de la Cuisine, 33½ E. 68th St. **4.** *Brown notepaper news:* Mrs. Morgan Whitney's Eaton Post Preferred paper, Crane note cards, her insignia. Dempsey & Carroll. Note: Pale Tiffany envelopes have mocha linings. **5.** Beautiful objects made of rare shells. Gold-mounted box, $400, from the Stix collection, 13 Vandam St. **6.** *Yves Saint Laurent's* Algiers bath towel, $5, a new design for Fieldcrest. Altman's. **7.** *Steel four-poster:* Queen-size bed by Paul Evans for Directional, $1,800, through decorators. Cannon's Great Day no-iron sheets and curtains. **8.** *Foam sleigh bed:* A Directional import, stretch fabric cover. Bloomingdale's. J. P. Stevens' Botanical Zoo no-iron sheet. Fur throw and rug, Janice International, 62 W. 36th St. **9.** *Hermès cotton prints.* Astrologie. A Brunschwig et Fils scoop. 979 Third Ave. Yellow Claughley breakfast set, $20, Tiffany. Folding Lucite table, $96. Obelisk, 133 E. 56th St. **10.** Watch for fabrics inspired by old India chintzes, as here, 18th-c. fragment from the Cooper Hewett Museum's exhibited collection. **11.** *Gorham silver goes total tabletop:* The superb Gorham china, Fidelia. $22.95 a place setting. Enamelled stainless flatware, Villa Costa. **12.** *The linen closet as decoration:* Yves Saint Laurent's Fieldcrest collection on Abstracta shelves, an idea for hall or bath. **13.** *Wheeled dressing table:* Black and white vinyl. Charlton's Dilly, $535. W & J Sloane.



PHOTOGRAPHS ON THESE SIX PAGES: BERRY BERENSON, DAVID MASSEY, CLAUDE PICASSO, UGO MULAS

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13



Vogue's choice

1. The Rolling Front's *Byzantium* design game. $5.95, Brentano. **2.** *Faux bamboo:* Tile-topped old English table, $145. Plated ice tub, $37.50. The Very Thing, 149 E. 72nd St. Harcourt tumbler by Baccarat, 55 E. 57th St. **3.** *New palette:* A forecast look by Martex. Grillade towel, $5.50. Sheets —still in the wind; coming soon. **4.** *Prints based on African themes:* Cotton prints, $9 yd., plus clothing, jewellery, and graphics designed by young Bedford-Stuyvesant artists. The Design Works, 11 New York Ave., Brooklyn; Bloomingdale's. **5.** *Self-sea'ing notepapers* marked in black. $25 for 5 pads. Henri Bendel. Shaeffer nylon-tip pens, 4 colours. $.49 ea. **6.** *Glorious trunk bar:* Leather outside, gunmetal plastic inside. To order, including ice bucket and stand. $6,000. Jansen, 25 E. 55th St. **7.** *Young rocker:* A new roly-poly shape in moulded plastic. $295. Imported by Gimbels Modern Gallery. **8.** *Geometrics in straw:* Blue-green or red-orange mat for beach or exercise. $7.50, The Very Thing. Frog vase, $22.50. Stephen Baranyi. Both, 149 E. 72nd St. **9.** *Formal china, dishwasher-safe:* Lenox Autumn Foliage looks fragile, isn't. $48 a place setting. **10.** *Ultimate elegance:* Marble washstand, 36″ high, $1,245. Sherle Wagner, 125 E. 57th St. **11.** *Steel canopy bed:* To order, $1,575. Saxony rug. All through decorators, at Stephen Mallory Preferred, 964 Third Ave. **12.** Paolozzi's prize-winning plate for Wedgwood. In limited edition. $600 for 6. Marshall Field. **13.** *Vasarely limited editions:* A Kanta painting, 42″ x 40″, $1,650. Iboya polystyrene sculptures, $500 to $750. Arras Gallery, 979 Third Ave.

2

3



4



5



6

7



8

9

10

11

12

13

Vogue's choice

1. *Faux marbre:* Anchise Roncato paints tables or walls. By appointment, 870 6th Ave. **2.** *Shell paperknife:* Gold-mounted, jade tip, $150. Stix, 13 Vandam St. **3.** *Wheeled serving cart:* Lacquered rattan trays held in bronzed trim. To order, Karl Springer, 306 E. 61st St. Bar things, Tiffany. **4.** *Zandra Rhodes designs:* Smashing prints for Vice Versa, 979 Third Ave. **5.** *Light-up bed:* Plexiglas headboard, cube tables, lamps, to order, Victor Lukens, 300 E. 51st St. Wheeled Plexiglas light box behind, John Harris design for Altman's. Bates Acrilan blanket, Burlington no-iron sheets in Vera's Rainbow Stripe. **6.** *Oven-to-table-to-dishwasher china:* Royal Worcester's Asterley. Tiffany. **7.** *To collect . . . Kachina dolls:* Handmade from old examples. 14" high. $300. A percentage benefits Hopi Indians. Robert Worman, 55 Bulkley Ave. N., Westport, Conn. **8.** *Tilt-game cocktail table:* Steel maze and ball under glass top. By John Vessey. 969 Third Ave. **9.** *Diamonds replace flowers:* French percale top sheet, case, $66. Bath towel, $19.25; mat, $27. Porthault, 55 E. 57th St. **10.** *Overscaled geometrics:* Large Cube, from the Innovations Collection at Stark Carpets, 979 Third Ave. **11.** *Blue-and-white porcelain:* Handpainted fixtures. Sherle Wagner import, 125 E. 57th St. **12.** Walnut English-style bachelor's chest, $275. Henredon's Folio 10 at W & J Sloane. **13.** *Embroidered "Elegance,"* Wamsutta Supercale at Bloomingdale's. **14.** Tavis #4, one of three tapestries by Calder. Arras Gallery, 979 Third Avenue.

1

2

3

4

5

7

6

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

Calder



Double take

It's sculpture, it's lighting, it's two-way news

Chromium-steel-gold light bulbs? A polished metal sculpture that turns on? It's the greatest decorating excitement in years. Turn on a cocktail table and you turn on a room. Cover a ceiling in silver treillage that switches to lime or white or raspberry light and let your fantasy roam free. It begins with the Tovibulb and the Tovitube. Their micro-thin metal coatings inside glass are the magic. For all specifics and prices, turn to page 128.

CLAUDE PICASSO

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

The mad musician...



Carollee strikes again! Here she is whooping it up at the baby grand, belting out a smashing sonata....Of course this is all in fun. Actually Carollee designs the most exquisite minute bead jewellery, like the collar she's wearing. But we wanted to show you this extraordinary leather throw—all swirls and shapes of blasting colours. By ***Stephen Burrows.*** To order: Stephen Burrows World, Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street....Carollee's jewellery is at Bendel's too....

JACK ROBINSON

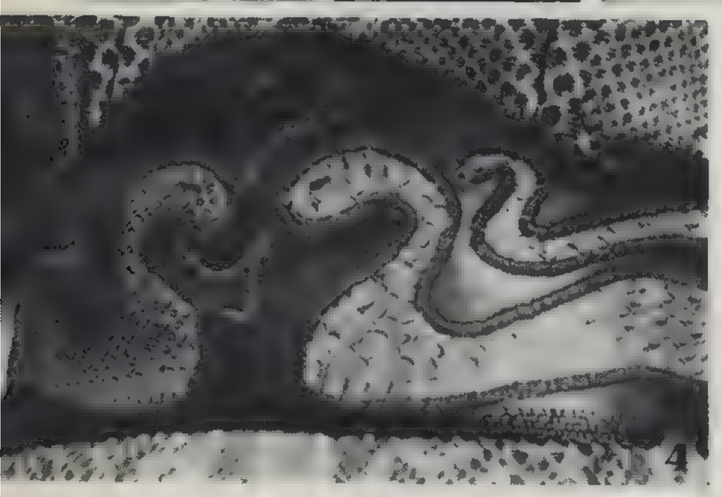






JACK ROBINSON

Leather lady



1. *Maxine Clement,* seen here mushing around her incredibly crowded, impeccably neat atelier, is one of New York's great leather designers. It's not only that Maxine has delightful fantasies that she projects in leather, it's also that it's all *so* well made. . . . **2.** Little see-sawed snippets of turquoise, sea-green, sky-blue suède make a handbag. . . . **3.** Love makes the world go round. And also makes a very amusing belt. . . . **4.** Swan-like snakes of maroon, brown snakeskin around a belt of Burgundy leather. . . . Maxine's designs at Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street. Or to order at her studio, telephone (212) 686-4445.



The L.A. leather lady

***Marcia Trinder,* 5,** with her friend, Yipi, stopped by to visit in New York on her way to Europe. And, as usual, Marcia was wearing one of her extraordinary designs—a slip of a dress in clouds of white, midnight-blue, chamois, scarlet suède. . . . Some of Marcia's designs for Summer Sunday are at Distraction at Bonwit Teller. . . .

More on next page

BERRY BERENSON

The leather girls

***Vicki and Jo,* 8,** stitch up leather in their spare time, make such things as, **6,** beige weskit painted with tiny weeny flowers . . . **7,** belt painted with blonde flowing-tresses lady . . . **9,** beaded beige leather bag. All to order through Mrs. Katherine Golden, 1 Kilmer Road, Larchmont, New York. . . .

BERRY BERENSON









VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Wow! You just have to get out on the New York boutique circuit, there's so much going on. . . . You can now *really* get hold of ***Calvin, the leather man.*** He's got his own boutique on the second floor of a bright fire-engine-red building on Second Avenue between 49th and 50th Streets. Some stock available of basics, like his patchwork snake belts, skirts. About three-week delivery on his custom order beauties—like the beautiful chamois side-slit skirt, or the violet suède fringed bag . . . 935 Second Avenue. . . . ***The Chelsea Cobbler*** is—at last—in New York. With a good collection of their famous boots for men and girls. Look especially at flower-printed purple suède boots, they are to die . . . and the shop itself has the same wood-hued easy, solid charm of the London boutique . . . just a pleasure to drop in and say hello . . . 122 East 55th Street. . . . ***Alice Schweitzer*** has switched her whole scene around. No more hooty couture-y in her little salon—now it's all European ready-to-wear. And great stuff. . . . For instance, an excellent selection of the Missoni knit designs from Italy . . . 739 Madison Avenue. . . . ***Genesis.*** You must visit Genesis. This is modern, quality design at its best. In everything from the design of the boutique to the clothes for men and women that hang from clear plastic sculpture on the street floor—their brilliant primary colours zinging out against the ice-blue walls —to the furniture, collages, toys, chairs, tables that are sold downstairs. . . . This is a new great boutique and design talent on the New York scene. Genesis is found at 1049 Madison Avenue at 80th Street. . . .



1



2

CATERINE MILINAIRE

The Quilt Clan

In Paris, ***Emanuelle Khanh,*** **1,** is wrapping up the Quasar Khanh family clan in her designs of quilted cotton. **2.** Emanuelle in black cotton quilted coat. . . . **3.** Emanuelle in her quilted dress with children, Othello and Atlantique. Some of Emanuelle's quilted clothes are at Bloomingdale's, 59th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York. . . .



3

Paris: The quilting thing

Such a pretty idea—gossamer-weight Indian cottons—two or three patterns quilted together and used to make delicious coats, stoles, suits. . . . Not to mention that quilting is such a practical idea too—for the weight is that of a summer-sky cloud, the warmth that of a summer sun . . . what a nice way to snuggle through the winter.

MARY RUSSELL

. . . **4. *Beatrice Martin*** nestled into a coat of auburn-and-cream-printed Indian cotton, quilted from collar to hem. $160. . . . **5.** With a little ladylike sexy dress of border-printed pongee silk, Beatrice wears a quilted Indian silk stole that is somehow delicately perfumed. $120. . . . **6.** A little suit with wrap skirt, everything quilted. $150. . . . **7.** Beatrice in the evening quilt—a cloak coat of quilted Indian cottons—all purply-red prints. $240. Beatrice wears it over a chiffon pinky-purple dress. All these beautiful quilted clothes are from one of Paris's most alluring boutiques, half hidden in a lovely old courtyard: Mohanjeet, 12 rue Jacob. . . .

4

5

6

7

More on next page

New York: Elsa's jewellery . . .

Elsa Peretti is someone we're so lucky to have on the New York scene—a transplanted Italian with charm, fascination—and talent to burn. Currently Elsa's designing jewellery—superb, modern, tactile shapes cast in solid silver like, **1,** the silver breast plate hung on this chain to wear inside an open dégagé shirt. . . . **2.** Elsa fastens a mink dog collar with silver head. . . . **3.** Asymmetric collier ending in tusk of horn. . . . **4.** Silver wrist cuff and silver ball minaudière. . . . **5.** Stuck in Elsa's hatband, her hair pin of tusks set in a spike of silver. . . . **6.** Free-form silver hair ornament. All of Elsa's jewellery, to order through Halston, 33 East 68th Street. . . . Paul McGregor cut Elsa's hair. . . . It's great too, hmmm?. . . .

BERRY BERENSON

LEGSERCISES

(Continued from page 79)

turning sideways. Shoulders down. Diaphragm lifted out from the waist, free to breathe naturally—*this lift is terrifically important;* it allows the leg its greatest freedom because you're not sitting on yourself, you're not sitting on your legs. All your holding strength is in your pelvis and everything above the waist is pulled up, airy and relaxed, and your legs are ready for anything. . . . If you have any difficulty understanding the lift, do this: put your index finger on your pelvic bone and your thumb on your bottom rib—then just expand your fingers—index finger pushing down, thumb pushing up. *Between index and thumb is what Frank calls "the magic two inches"*—it's your natural waistline, marvellously longer and narrower because you've pulled your diaphragm up and out of it.

The exercises are grouped into four categories 1. Plié/Relevés; 2. The Pull-through; 3a. Extensions, 3b. Point/Lifts, 3c. Straight Kicks; 4. Circle Swings. They should be done in this order as one flows into the other, building progressively in effort and accomplishment. ***About foot positions:*** These are derived from the five classic ballet positions with this difference—in ballet all positions are turned out. The turn-in (straight ahead) is a modern dance position of classic modern and modern jazz. These exercises are done both turned in and turned out, so you are working in all areas of the leg. The turn-in position works the front muscles, the turn-out, the inner leg ones. Only the first, second, and fourth positions are used since turn-ins can't be done in third and fifth. Don't pronate, i. e., throw ankles over and out of line. Doing the exercises in the different positions means basically you get a varied pull, strengthening and firming all leg muscles, and you become aware of the flexibility of your legs. There should be no feeling of strain or exertion. If you feel your legs tensing up, stop and shake them loose, vibrate them, swing them free. Always counter a relevé with a plié so you don't overdevelop the calf muscles, and also to relieve any tension. . . . ***About breathing:*** Ideally you should breathe from the diaphragm. But don't worry about it. Just breathe naturally and you will be fine; you will be able to talk, sing, anything—while you're exercising. If not, you're doing something wrong, *like holding your breath. Don't.* . . . ***About a barre:*** This can be anything comfortable and supporting—the back of a chair, sideboard, bureau. But don't use it as a life raft, it is just a support for the fingertips to rest on. A hard grip causes additional tension on shoulders and arms. The hand at the barre should always be a little forward so you are pulling yourself forward slightly, *never back.* The arm at your side should be in a slight slope, palm forward, *thumb relaxed.*

Do the exercises every other day, at least—they take about ten minutes and, if you work at them properly, they will make you aware of your body, its carriage, placement, and pelvis. If you want music, standard 4/4 rhythm will do very well. And if you are new to this game, there may be some stiffness after the first session; a sitz bath does wonders, ditto massaging the backs of the legs with Ben-Gay for a few minutes; switching to higher heels helps ease overworked calf muscles.

And now, Mad Exerciser, walk right out in that nifty slashed skirt and admire your nifty legs in every mirror you pass. And let's hear it again for Frank Wagner who made those legs do their stuff.

MOISTURE

(Continued from page 74)

Should everybody moisturize? It's a rare individual who shouldn't—at some time of the year, some part of the body. *What about the oily skin?* Admittedly, certain sections of some faces, notably the centre panel, want to be de-moisturized, de-greased. But other parts of that same face may cry for moisturizing help.

Does skin lose moisture as it grows older? The doctor suggested we picture the topmost layer of skin as sort of a Saran wrap. As it gets older it breaks up (as it sometimes does prematurely with psoriasis or eczema) and loses its protective quality. Moisture escapes through it. Instead of a continuous sheet of Saran wrap, you end up with assorted pieces, their edges irregular and dry—what's commonly known as "rough, flaky skin." When you apply a complete moisturizer—one that adds water as well as a film to block water loss, you restore a bit of the aging skin's contiguity.

How should the woman with patches of dryness care for her skin? Those patches are areas which have lost their reserve capacity. The rest of the skin is about to, too, for it is being subjected to similar internal and external stresses. By using a general emollient, you prevent other areas from becoming a problem.

What external factors call for extra-generous moisturizing? Winter, for one, the doctor said. Cold air is a sponge. It robs the skin of moisture. . . . Central heating, for another. Dehydrated warm air dries up everything in the room, including complexions. Room humidifiers are good friends of the skin. . . . Wind, movement of air dehydrate. Especially hot air. . . . You know how you dry your hair. . . . Over-cleaning of the skin is another moisture-robber. Soap is an excellent cleanser, but overdoing it removes natural oils and amino acids. . . . "I'm not saying that you should avoid winter, central heating, wind, and soap," the doctor added. "Just that these are dehydrating influences which it is wise to combat with extra moisturizing."

Are English and Irish complexions so notably fresh because of the moisture in the air? Yes. For the same reason, their fields are such a lush green. The air there has built-in moisturizing characteristics. But even these fortunate faces require a little moisturizing help. As the doctor said: "In every life some non-rain must fall."

The World's Newest Jewel

CHATHAM-CREATED EMERALDS . . . rich, brilliant, translucent jewels, as beautiful as the finest emeralds and so much like natural emeralds that special tests are necessary to determine they are not natural. CHATHAM-CREATED EMERALDS sell at about 1/5 the price of natural emeralds.

CHATHAM-CREATED EMERALDS in exquisite precious jewelry designed and created by BYARD F. BROGAN in 14 Karat gold with diamonds. Jewelry featured from $275 to $600. Other precious jewelry featuring CHATHAM-CREATED EMERALDS in a wide variety of pendants, rings, earrings from $75. At precious jewelry counters in leading Department and Jewelry Stores.

Write for free colorful brochure, "The World's Newest Jewel" and store nearest you.

Created Gemstones Inc.
DEPT. V. 574 5th AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036



NEW HOPE

(Continued from page 83)

and England, radiation has been used increasingly as an adjunct to simple mastectomy. The results continue to be the equal of radical mastectomy but presumably no better. In Toronto, Canada, Vera Peters has been radiating patients who have refused mastectomy, and her patients, 124 when she last reported, are faring as well as those treated over the same period by surgery. Here again the radiation has not been delivered to all of the nodal areas; only one-half of her patients received treatment to any of the nodes within the chest. Nowhere in the United States has a comparable series of patients treated by radiation alone been published. (Dr. Eleanor Montague of Houston, Texas, and a group at the Massachusetts General Hospital have spoken before conferences about smaller numbers of patients treated with radiation alone. These two series have not yet been published. The results thus far are parallel to those of Vera Peters.)

With the knowledge that we now possess in 1970, how should cancer of the breast be treated? It is obvious that I favour a considerable change in attitude toward treatment. Unfortunately, there are still large gaps in our knowledge that must be filled in before we will have solid, accountable treatments. For example, until the forces giving rise to cancerous tumors are identified, we will not have a vaccination or inoculation such as we now possess for poliomyelitis or a drug with the specificity that penicillin has against the streptococcus. There is room for much optimism on these points, however, since a number of investigators are pursuing leads which may prove successful in the foreseeable future. But we can not wait for this more complete knowledge. How should we treat tumors at present?

Until physicians know more about the origin of cancer, there is room for disagreement as to what constitutes the best treatment. With this incomplete knowledge in mind, I suggest the following:

Women should know that there are alternatives. There is room now for them to have a say. A woman doesn't need to be railroaded into having her breast removed.

The physician needs to know the full diagnosis, including every bit of knowledge that can be obtained. Diagnostic procedures such as roentgenographic mammograms (X-rays of the breast) are helpful in directing the physician's attention.

A biopsy is essential. Under special circumstances, a needle biopsy (removal by needle of tissue from a tumor) may suffice, but since the needle offers the pathologist so little tissue to study, an open biopsy (surgical removal of a piece or whole of a tumor) is much to be preferred. The surgeon and the pathologist should examine not only the type of cell involved and the rate of proliferation, but also the cell distribution. Can cells be seen entering the blood vessels of the tumor? Are they confined to the tumor or are they spreading widely through the lymph spaces? These important details can not be adequately identified on the frozen sections available to the pathologist at the time of operation. (Frozen sections are made from tissue frozen to permit thin slicing for microscopic study.) The tissue has to be properly prepared for study, which takes some twenty-four hours, and then time is needed for study and consultation.

The patient has the right to ask of her surgeon that he delay decision regarding definitive therapy until these questions have been answered and their meaning discussed with her. It is true that biopsy theoretically carries a risk of disseminating cancer cells and that on this basis the breast should be removed immediately after the biopsy. But it has been shown that this danger of biopsy is slight and shrinks to unimportance when compared with the knowledge gained by waiting for the pathologist's more seasoned study.

Regarding the definitive therapy, it is to be remembered that surgery still has its good points. For those tumors of sluggish growth, it is probably the best treatment, since slow growing types of cells are not so sensitive to radiation as are the rapidly proliferating cells.

Another argument in favour of operation is that some patients prefer, psychologically, to be done with the problem. The removal of the breast with the tumor in it seems to some to have eliminated the problem—out-of-sight, out-of-mind. This is, of course, a short view. In this sophisticated world, women know well that a cancer can catch up with them later. Also, some women are not aware, psychologically, of what the loss of the breast may mean to them later on, either as a mutilation or as a daily reminder that they once had cancer.

The advantages of non-surgical treatment, making use of modern radiation, are obvious. First, the two-to-three-day pause between biopsy and definitive decision enables the doctors to be sure the tumor is really malignant. From time to time, haste to get rid of the tumor has led pathologist and surgeon to believe it malignant, whereas in retrospect it was benign. A frozen section isn't good enough in the borderline cases and unnecessary mastectomies are sometimes carried out by the overly anxious surgeon, fearful of neglecting his patient.

Secondly, if there is blood-vessel invasion, any therapy may well be too late. Therapy should not be withheld, however, since the cells in the blood stream may not have taken root in distant organs. Nothing will have been sacrificed. If cells have taken root, palliative treatment is still indicated, and radiation is a more reasonable, less destructive palliation than surgery.

The third point is that modern radiation theoretically offers a better chance of eradicating all of the cancer than surgery. The radical mastectomy removes only the primary tumor and the nodes in the axilla. Radiation can also destroy primary tumor and axillary nodes, and in addition, it may be able to eradicate cells in the internal chest nodes.

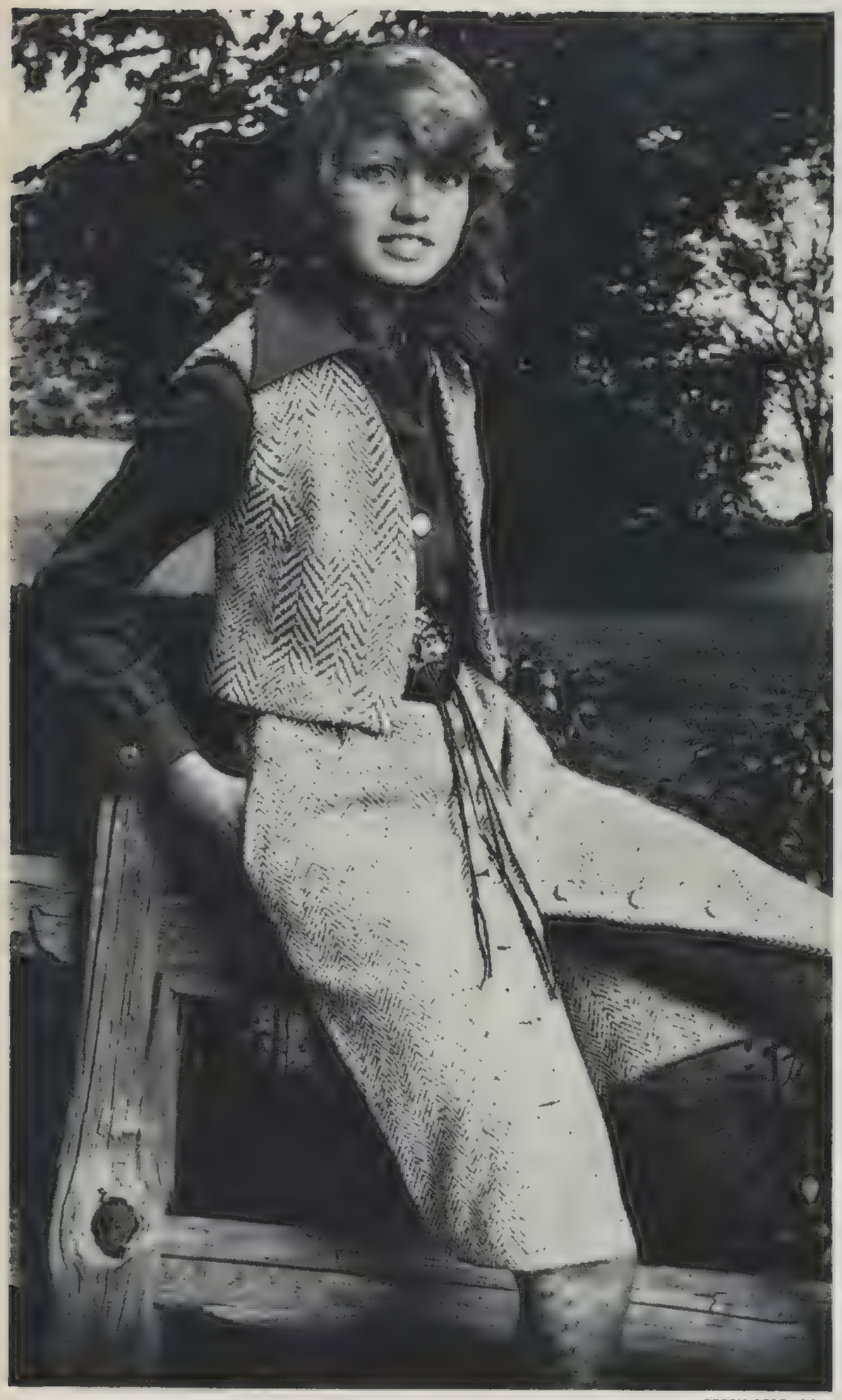
It is essential to realize that radiation, like surgery, is not without hazard. Radiation is a powerful tool and can burn healthy organs if not properly directed. The radiotherapist has to be watchful that his beam does not injure the lung or the spinal cord. The patient also must realize that during the course of the radiation there may be discomfort in swallowing as the rays hit the esophagus. Cough may also develop from the radiation's hitting the borders of the lungs. It is usually slight and transient. Some fibrosis (growth of connective tissue) is also to be expected. Usually minimal, it goes unnoticed by most patients. Occasionally considerable, it can be alarming until its nature is explained.

A disadvantage of the radiation program is that it takes time, at least six weeks and sometimes a good deal longer. The radiation has to cover the middle of the chest on both sides, and if the esophagus feels a little hot and painful, the therapy has to be slowed up or delayed. The length of time required, however, is not theoretically disadvantageous, since more of the cells are given the chance to come into the phase of mitosis (process of cell multiplication) when they are theoretically more sensitive to the radiation.

Finally, there is the psychological advantage to the woman of keeping her breast. The breast is part of woman's beauty; the art of our civilization tells us this. Woman's breasts are also a part of her sexuality. It is she who builds the infant and nourishes it after it is born. The breast is inherently part of the survival of the race. What is so strange is that surgeons have been so slow to realize how women feel about their breasts. The only adequate explanation for the surgeon's lack of feeling is that the problem of mutilation is too much for him to manage. Only when mutilation is put to him in terms of an analogy—the loss of his masculinity—does he react to it.

Woman has been willing to put up with a mastectomy when she was told there was no other way to rid her of the tumor. Now that there is a feasible alternative, the efforts of medicine should be directed toward improving the non-mutilating therapy. She has a right to demand this of the profession.

TWEEDS: THE SHIRT-AND-SKIRT LOOK



BERRY BERENSON

Rust-and-white wool tweed makes for the wide-open places—a breeze of a little tweed weskit over a rust wool jersey shirt that's stitched to a slashed tweed midiskirt baring lots of patterned leg . . . super shirt-and-skirt look laced with a wide, wide belt. Turnout by Richard Frontman. About $85. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Neiman-Marcus. Belt by Elegant. Tights by Trimfit.







DON'T FORGET YOUR ZIP NUMBER:
IT'S IMPORTANT!

NEW ADDRESS

Name

Address

City State Zip Code

OLD ADDRESS (Attach old label here.)

Name

Address

City State Zip Code

MOVING?

Please notify VOGUE and the Post Office when you move and be sure to fill out the form below.

For FASTEST service on address change, missing copies, etc., attach old mailing label in space provided. Otherwise, please print clearly your address as we now have it.

MAIL TO VOGUE BOX 5201 BOULDER, COLO. 80302

Please allow 6 weeks for change to take effect.

JOSEF ALBERS

(Continued from page 72)

for meals, from eight in the morning to nine in the evening under artificial light in his basement studio. He draws and paints in a sitting position, much like an architectural draftsman, working patiently on Masonite boards whose rough-textured reverse side he covers with a coat of white gesso before laying down his precisely calibrated colours. "I paint," he told an interviewer, "with a palette knife. I take the colour absolutely pure from the tube, and then I spread it on without trying to give it any personal touch or any sense of the paint itself. When there's too much paint, I even it out, like spreading butter on a piece of bread. In my father's day—he was a craftsman—the extra went back in the pot to avoid waste."

That disposition towards frugality, conditioned by a careful upbringing and a long craft tradition in the Albers family, seems to pervade his life and his art. Only a conserving, puritanical spirit can explain Albers's habit of writing down with elaborate care on the back of each board a recipe of the pigments he has used, their order of application and quantity. These prescriptions have little to do with contemporary tastes in art for impersonality, whereby many "Minimalist" artists send out specifications from which anonymous artisans fabricate their works. Albers keeps his records for personal reference only, so that he can compare subtle differences between different commercial brands of the same tube colours which he stocks in lavish quantities.

Albers wheels around his studio on an aged office chair with rollers that provides the mobility he needs. This permits him to move freely to the perimeters of his small room, where he keeps his completed paintings as neatly stacked as a secretary's filing cards, by sizes and colours, and to seek out past solutions to the pictorial problems that have obsessed him over the years. Apparently, he feels standing might break his concentration, perhaps recalling his prolonged classroom activities as a teacher and thus intruding on his creative involvement. His studio is ringed with orderly piles of hundreds of paintings, identical in shape, arranged in groupings of a few set sizes, but each painted board is unique in colour. "Every day," he said, mixing culinary and pedagogical metaphors as is his habit, "is like cooking a new dish; that is my life, always to keep on learning, to remain a student. You can see how crazy I am, to keep insisting that I am getting better still in spite of my age."

Like other transplanted and well-known modern European artists who came to America between the two world wars, Albers found himself penalized in his adopted homeland for being too derivative. Then later, he was ignored abroad for his identification with a new American art too independent for European tastes. When Hitler closed the Bauhaus in 1933, Albers accepted an invitation to join the faculty of Black Mountain College in North Carolina, offered through the good offices of the architect Philip Johnson. If he expected special treatment in recognition of his standing as a pioneer modernist, he could only have experienced bitter disappointment.

Nonetheless, Albers threw himself into his new teaching career with vigour. In the course of doing so, he renewed the foundations of his Abstract Constructivist art, and went far beyond Bauhaus precepts and practices to discover a new basis for colour action and visual illusion.

In the 'thirties even the leading European modernists were not well known in America outside of a circle of devoted professionals, and they were very far from being lionized as glamorous trend-setters. Cultural life had been dominated successively by Mencken's "Booboisie" and the stridently anti-European regionalists. Then, in the 'forties, Americans discovered their own native heroes and myth-makers among the emerging Action painters. Even though Albers showed with these artists after 1949, as a stablemate of Pollock, de Kooning, Kline, and other vanguard notables, first at the Egan and then at the Sidney Janis Gallery, he still felt homeless and unwelcome. He was "the black sheep" of the new avant-garde, and no one knew quite how to classify him.

Curators were soon busily arranging emblematic and didactic group shows of America's new art movement but managed to ignore Albers with impunity. As late as 1958, he apparently was still considered too "European" by The Museum of Modern Art in New York to include in the influential "The New American Painting" show circulating in Europe.

It is doubly ironic that Albers's considerable prestige as a younger Bauhaus master who helped revolutionize the visual vocabulary of art, architecture, and design in our time—along with such commanding figures as Gropius, Breuer, Klee, and Kandinsky—should have prejudiced American critical opinion against him just at the moment when he was actually making a far more original contribution on another level to "post-modernist" art. For he had already begun his patient colour researches and explorations of visual illusionism at Black Mountain College which were to culminate in a new kind of abstract art when he directed the Yale Art School between 1950 and 1960.

Long before Vasarely, Albers created a dynamic perceptual type of painting, reversing Bauhaus Constructivist "objectivity" into a more human and even irrational proposal: his new formal language took unprecedented account of ambiguity, individual psychology, and the wealth of emotive content buried in the complexities of visual experience.

Coincidentally, somewhat related impulses were at work within Action painting among the so-called "colour field" painters, Rothko, Newman, and Still, who preferred bare, undetailed surfaces and magnified colour sensation to the charging energies and dramatic, ego-centred gestures of Pollock and de Kooning.

Albers had arrived at similar pictorial conclusions at a considerably earlier date. Since he was still viewed suspiciously as a European with classical modern artistic roots and did not share either the sense of risk, fierce communal beliefs, or the large scale common to the Abstract Expressionists, he was never associated with that great adventure of self-discovery of vanguard American art. Only later, with the popular success in New York of William Seitz's Museum of Modern Art exhibition. "The Responsive Eye," did Albers's striking originality and prior claims in an evolving perceptual art receive deserved recognition.

The fluctuations in Albers's reputation are all the more curious if one considers that since 1949 he has been consistently, repetitively, compulsively doing the same thing superlatively well and that thing is painting nests of colour squares in different dominant hues and sizes, unchanging modular formats, and identical shapes. His celebrated "Homage to the Square" series of the past two decades has no match for constancy of purpose, incorruptibility, and sheer obsessiveness, except perhaps in Mondrian's different grid. "Describe me as I am," he told an interviewer with an air of resignation, "an old lunatic shut up in a basement, turning out squares all day and all night."

While Albers has behind him a surprising range of abstract invention and experiment in the 'twenties and 'thirties, he will undoubtedly best be remembered for his "Homage to the Square" which has preoccupied him over the last two decades. These squares of infinitely varied and nuanced colour are, in effect, his "Art of the Fugue." Like Bach, he has a genius for stating and restating the same themes, and variations, without exhausting their vitality or mercurial unpredictability; each time, his colour square is reborn in a new guise so inevitable and right that it seems the ultimate and perfect one, until yet another comes along.

In a memorable sequence in the Namuth film, Albers, warming to his didactic task, describes the "interaction of colour," to adopt the rubric from his most famous teaching manual, with a fascinating bit of miming. Wiggling intertwined fingers and protruding thumbs in an eloquent dumb-show, he demonstrates just how colours behave in different contexts. For a moment, he makes colour live vividly in the persona of his active fingers like some wizard creating a world from shadow play. One knows immediately why Albers was acclaimed as a persuasive, formative teacher who inspired generations of gifted students, including such separate and distinguished personalities as Max Bill, Robert Rauschenberg, and Richard Anuszkiewicz.

In lyrical tones of self-appreciation that nevertheless lack much personal vanity, Albers has described his methods and deep responses to colour: "I work in plasterboard panels; I like material that responds and resists. Canvas is too soft—it runs away from me. On this shelf alone," he said, pointing to an orderly clutter of shallow boxes crammed with half-squeezed pigment tubes, "I have eighty different kinds of yellow and forty greys.

"I have them sent from all over the place . . . to put two colours side by side really excites me. They *breathe* together. It's like a pulsebeat. And there is one colour that dominates, just as a child takes over one parent. Greens are very jealous of each other, for instance. I like to take a very weak colour and make it rich and beautiful by working on its neighbours. What's gloomier than raw sienna? Now look at what I've done to it there: It's gold. It's shining and alive, like an actor on stage. Turning sand into gold, that's my work and aim."

Didactic theatre and alchemy, these are Albers's favourite strategies for projecting his art and its core of inner meaning. His stage rôles range from extremes of evangelical identification and reforming zeal to that of the self-deprecating art martyr. One exercise he never seems to tire of is castigating artists with Expressionist leanings, whom he picturesquely describes as lacking a "clean head." At moments of fatigue he may wonder aloud, with a touching humility, why anyone bothers about "my nonsense."

More typically, though, Albers stands firm as the passionate advocate of his own art, which never wanders far from his thoughts. The alchemist side of his performance is particularly enchanting and can make a studio visit as magical as it is edifying. He likes nothing better than to produce for the privileged visitor a seemingly interminable sequence of paintings in the same colour key with only subtle differences in tonality and intensity. With his uncounted stacks of paintings, he can achieve the illusion of unceasing bounty, plucking hidden paintings from behind their neighbours with an effect rather like a stage magician who draws knotted, brightly coloured handkerchiefs from his sleeve in a colourful ribbon.

Albers works in chromatic runs and sets, making as many as forty variations on a single colour square of graded bands. Since he never mixes pigments, and every distinct colour area represents a different tube pigment, the extent of his variations is astonishing; similarly, his nests of overlapped colour squares are in fact discrete abutting strips ranged concentrically around a low-positioned central square. He is a master of optical reversal and the shifting *gestalt*, which count for their impact on the duplicity of the human eye and the dislocations and interferences that apparently simple structures occasion on our retinas.

The same pleasure in sleight of hand and "illusionism" seems to bid Albers to extract painting after painting in the same colour key from his studio stacks until he has managed to cover an entire wall with his serial motifs in pulsating colour. The critical differences between these canvases, which are often close to the threshold of invisibility in the subliminar colour action, only reveal themselves, in time, by the enforced acclimatization of the observer to refined chromatic contrasts that operate slowly on mind and eye. Albers's rational distillation from his early work towards the simplicity and pristine clarity of his "Homage to the Square" series is at once a triumph of rational intelligence and a magical mystery tour of the complexities and unsuspected delights of visual experience.

There is a charming anecdote about Mondrian reported by Arp that suggests how a great artist may be so blinded that he is unable to discern the trees for the forest in his own art. When a visitor asked Mondrian if he always painted "squares," he replied with genuine surprise: "Squares, but I see no squares in my painting." Apropos of this incident, Albers tells a story on himself. The photographer Cartier-Bresson came to see him last year and, after studying his work for a considerable time, announced that he painted "circular squares." Albers was delighted and intrigued, and asked what manner of "marvellous new mathematics was this circular square."

To demonstrate just what Cartier-Bresson had in mind, he poses this problem to the current visitor: He defies him to point out the boundary line bisecting two particularly close tonalities of the same hue in one of his subtler paintings. Indeed, the opposition proves so tenuous that tones imperceptibly melt into one another, creating a luminous aureole, and a circular bulge definitely appears on the rippling surface.

It is all an optical illusion, of course, but does serve to make a significant point. Not only do Albers's colour squares dissolve hard edges and geometry, they also create a dynamic effect of continuous colour action, "without beginning or end," as the artist likes to put it.

Albers's art may be read as a criticism of immutable objects and stable physical reality. It thus establishes contact with the contemporary spirit and current ideas of matter, space, and time and further divorces itself from the Bauhaus's *idées fixes* of a chaste, unflawed geometric order in art. Even more unaccountably, Albers's mutant colour squares do their grave dance in a region easy neither to define nor to locate; their action remains suspended somewhere between the shimmering canvas surface, the receptive eye, and the form-giving brain.

A rational mystic of light, a strict structurist who accommodates the *imprévu*, Albers is convinced his greatest contribution lies precisely in this ambiguity, in his discovered disjuncture "between physical and psychic fact" and the complex tension thus produced. "It is I," he said, "who discovered that in visual perception colour is almost never seen as it really is—as it physically is." What generates all the arts, someone has noted, is a strictly human faculty (or failing, as Plato thought) whereby we have learned to see things without eyes, inside our heads. This is the imagination.

In a lifetime of teaching, directly and by example, Albers has given the imagination back its eyes. He renews our vision of colour as existential fact without violating our psychic needs to build new worlds. Albers's paradigms of illusionistic perception reaffirm the constructive powers of mind while cunningly acknowledging the sovereign prerogative of art to continue deceiving us through its elegant counterfeits.

With a few vivid images Albers himself can best tell us just what he is after and where he is going: "I'm not after a quick sensation. I want to sink in slowly. There is optical movement in my pictures, but very tender, very gentle. If I were a fish, I would play with the smallest waves and the lightest tides. You don't pin down my pictures; they get into you—softly. My painting isn't noisy. Picasso turns on Wagnerian orgies. I try to create the silence of an icon. That's what I'm after: the meditative icons of the twentieth century."



This is



your



fashion sign

Anne Klein's new collection, ready now at fine fashion stores in these cities:

Atlanta
Beverly Hills
Chevy Chase
Chicago
Cincinnati
Cleveland
Columbus
Dallas
Dayton
Denver
Detroit
Houston
Indianapolis
Kansas City
Louisville
Miami
Minneapolis
New York City
Palo Alto
Philadelphia
Phoenix
Pittsburgh
Portland
Rochester
San Francisco
Seattle
Skokie
St. Louis
Troy, Michigan

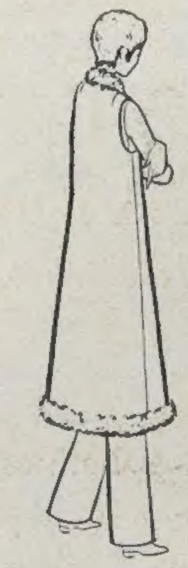
ANNE KLEIN and company

205 WEST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK 10018

VOGUE PATTERNS (Continued from pages 64-65 and 94-95; other views, yardages, details)



2412



7907

Left: Wrapped-and-pocketed knit coat. Vogue Pattern 2412. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 10: 3⅞ yards of 60″ fabric. $2.50. In Canada, $2.75.
Right: Sleeveless knit coat. Vogue Pattern 7907. Sizes small, medium, and large. For size small: 1⅜ yards of 60″ fabric. $1. In Canada, $1.10.



7921



7578



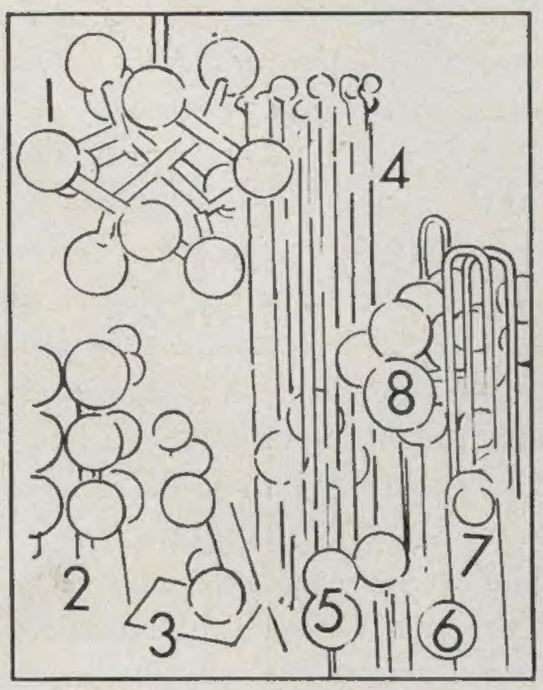
7864

Left: The narrow bathrobe-tied coat. Vogue Pattern 7921. Sizes small, medium, large, and extra large. For size small: 5 yards of 44″ fabric. $2. In Canada, $2.20.
Centre: Straight-legged pants. Vogue Pattern 7578 (pattern also includes tunic). Sizes 8 to 16. For size 10: 2¼ yards of 48″ fabric. $2. In Canada, $2.20.
Right: Swinging little poncho. Vogue Pattern 7864 (we added the feathers). One size only, requiring 1½ yards of 48″ fabric. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4092, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

DOUBLE TAKE

Towibulbs and Tovitubes introduce a new era in lighting



Tovi lights when off, resemble polished spheres or tubes of metal. When turned on, they present a dazzling, but glare-free, pattern of light. Tovibulbs fit standard sockets, are available in 25- or 60-watt ratings. The G-40 bulb, 5″ diameter, is $5.60 in chrome, $11 in gold. The G-25 bulb, 3″ diameter, $2.50 in chrome. At lamp and electric shops. Lamps with Tovi lights shown here: **1.** Atomic 12, Austrian chandelier, $350. Lighting Assoc., 351 E. 61st St., N.Y.* **2.** Reflecting lamp, $95, bulbs extra. Georg Kovacs, 831 Madison Ave., N. Y. **3.** Peter Nishanian design for Vanessa, $150. To order, Gimbels, N. Y. **4.** Warren Dingleman small bulb design for Tsao, $258, 109 Main St., New Canaan, Conn. **5.** Orbic Triple, Cog Morrison design, $75. The Ice House, 151 Union St., San Francisco, Calif.* **6.** Opto lamp, single gold bulb, $45. Lord & Taylor. **7.** Tovitube lamp for white, lime, or raspberry light, $200. A Pat Hoffman design for Koch and Lowey, 940 Third Ave., N. Y. **8.** A Robert Sonneman design, $200. Bloomingdale's, N. Y.

*THROUGH DECORATORS



Henredon's Folio Ten... a collection of classics.

Henredon has chosen the most exciting designs in furniture history and placed them in one brilliant collection—Folio Ten. No matter what you choose from Folio Ten, it will become your room's focal point. For each appears in the finish that shows its elegant lines to perfection. Each is reproduced in a scale compatible with today's living needs. And each has practicality as well as beauty. Nothing demonstrates this more perfectly than the triple bookcase which, while bringing pure architecture into your living room, also provides the most elegant setting for your prized possessions. And, of course, all of Folio Ten finds its natural complement in the Upholstered Furniture Collection. For brochures showing both, send $1.00 to Henredon, Dept V 1015-70, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.

Henredon



Someday.



Meanwhile
you've got
Virginia Slims.
The taste
for today's woman.

You've come
a long way, baby.